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FRANK LESLIE'S

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An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

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The Janitor's Boy: A Story of New York.

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER I.

EVERY great city is made up of several smaller cities, and everybody who has visited and studied them knows it.

The City of New York, the greatest in the New World, will soon be the greatest on the earth, and is already composed of more and more widely differing parts than any other.

Every race and nation has sent its contribution, as if it had been taxed so many men and women and children to build up and occupy this queer and wonderful town by the sea-shore.

The wise people, and the old and the great, know very little about New York, but the boys could tell them a great deal, for the boys of this generation have very remarkable eyes.

Now it happens that one of the queerest of all the cities which go to make up the City of New York is rarely seen at all by any but the boys who live "down-town."

For the purposes of this story we shall call all that part of the city below the City Hall "down-town."

People generally put the boundary a mile or so further north, and it is all the while a moving and drifting toward Canada, but thus it is only a few years since the whole city lay below the Post Office and the Astor House.

City Boys should remember that, and country boys, who visit the city should never fail to visit "down-town," and learn that here is the "old town."

You never intend to visit New York? And you an American boy? Well, then, all I have to say is that you are not much of a boy, and I am half inclined to be ashamed of you.

You should live in the country if you can, by all means, but you will never know what a world you were born into until you have filled your eyes and ears for once with the sights and sounds of the great city, which is so fast becoming the greatest city.

Silo Morgan had never seen anything larger than a country village until the very morning when his uncle led him into the dingy office of the old "forwarding and commission" house on Otter Street, and introduced him to the great merchant.

Mr. Ponnerby was a large man, with stiff, iron-gray hair and whiskers, and a very stiff mouth. He was, and for twenty odd years had been, the head of Ponnerby & Co., but he had now no other partner except the prim and good-looking gentleman who was talking to a customer just then on the other side of the office.

"Your nephew, eh, Mr. Morgan? Silas, eh, young man? A man named Silas got himself in jail once. But, then, he wasn't in the commission business. Were you ever in the city before?"

"Never, in all my life," said Silo, respectfully.

He was almost astonished to find that he could hear Mr. Ponnerby very well, in spite of the din and rattle which had so nearly deafened him on his way from the hotel where he and his uncle had slept the night before.

"All your life, eh? Well, now, that's a long time. Must have been at least fourteen years?"

"Fifteen, sir, last January."

"Eh? Well, that's very old, almost too old. When a city boy gets to be fifteen, nowadays, his hair begins to turn gray. That's the trouble with me. All right, Mr. Morgan. The letter he wrote me was a good one, and he made no mistakes in the figures I sent him. We don't allow any blunders here—do we, Mr. Dunman?"

"Accuracy is honesty," briefly responded the junior partner, with a sharp glance at Silo, but he seemed too busy, just then, to say more.

"Fact, Dunman. Ah, here he comes. Philip Hawkins, this is Silas Morgan. Mr. Dunman will tell you what his duties are to be. I've an errand for him just now, while I'm talking with his uncle."

"Yes, sir," said Philip, with a polite bow, but with both eyes on Silo, as he turned away to hand some papers to Mr. Dunman.

Silo had barely time to note that his new acquaintance was a very handsome and spruce-looking fellow of about his own age, when Mr. Ponnerby began to give him his "errand."

"Silas Morgan, that letter is for the collector at the Custom House, that for the note-teller at the City Bank, put that in the Post-Office, buy me a copy of yesterday's *Herald*, see what time it is by Trinity Church, and get back as quick as you can. Sharp, now."

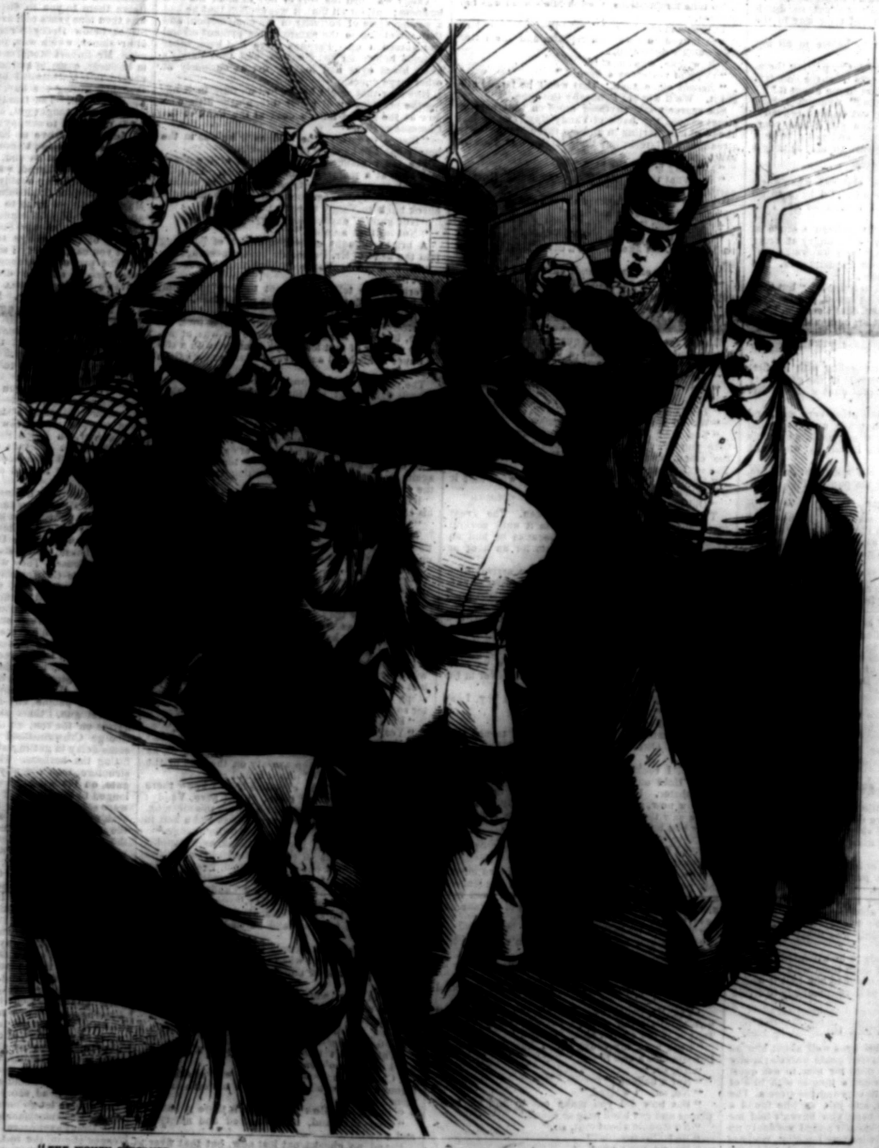
"Right away, Silas," remarked his uncle.

There was a bland smile on the lips of Mr. Dunman, a twinkle in old Mr. Ponnerby's eye, and a broad grin all over Phil Hawkins's face as Silo put on his hat and hurried out into the street.

He had not missed a word of Mr. Ponnerby's directions, but he felt a good deal as if he had been ordered to find the North Pole and knock off a piece of the moon with it.

Otter Street is never a very crowded one, but it seemed dreadfully so to Silo, and he had but a dim notion of where it came from or went to.

"The Custom House," he muttered to himself.



"THE WOMEN SCREAMED, AND A DOZEN VOICES WERE CALLING 'POLICE!' 'POLICE!' AND IT SEEMED AS IF EVERYBODY IN THAT CAR WAS IN A TREMENDOUS HURRY TO GET OUT OF IT."

READ OUR GREAT STORIES—"THE JANITOR'S BOY" AND "THE MYSTIC THREE."

"I've heard and read enough about that, and I know it's in the city. I say, can you tell me where the Custom-House is?"

The man he spoke to smiled and bowed politely, and Silo knew just enough of French to understand that neither of them knew what the other was saying.

"Ah! oh!—yes," said Silo to himself, as the stranger walked on, but he was half way to the corner of the block before he ventured to put his puzzling question to any body else.

This time he ran against a queer little fellow with a yellow face and a blue blouse.

"Can you show me the way to the Custom House?"

"No sabbee. No findee. S'pose you chin-chin Melican man?"

"Thank you," stammered Silo, and he added to himself: "If he ain't a regular Chinese!"

He all but seized hold of the next passenger in his eagerness.

"Can you show me the way to the Custom House?"

"Yah, dat is so. De Coostom House. Yah."

"Which way is it?"

"Yah. Dot's it. You go right dere. Dey feex you."

"But how am I to find it?"

"Yah. Dot's de way. Ven you find dem, you dell dem vot it ees you vont. Dey feex you. Yah."

And the honest Dutchman marched steadily on up the street, not doubting but what he had given the desired information.

"Look here, was you asking the way to the Custom House?"

"Yes, indeed, I was ——"

"And didn't I see you come out of Ponnerby's?"

"Yes," said Silo, as he gathered the idea that he was answering the questions of a boy no older than himself, "I belong there."

"You do! Well, that concern'll fail before long."

"Fail! What do you mean?" exclaimed Silo, with a flush of indignation rushing to his face.

"Fail? Why, if old Ponnerby's got so dumb that he hires boys that can't find their way to the Custom House——"

"But I was never in the city before in all my life," interrupted poor Silo.

"That's it, is it? Ponnerby & Co. putting themselves in the hands of greenhorns from the country. Why couldn't they have spoken to me about it?"

"But can't you direct me?" exclaimed Silo, with the perspiration starting out on his forehead.

"Direct you? Yes, and then you'd lose yourself, and the cops would find you, and you'd be kept till your friends called for you. Or maybe they'd send you to the Sheltering Arms."

"What's that?"

"Ah where they put lost children when their folks don't come. I see how it is. I'll have to go with you, if it's only out of regard for old Ponnerby."

The last proposition brought so keen a sense of relief with it that Silo forgot to be angry at being classed with "lost children," and he walked on rapidly at the side of his new acquaintance. He had time for a look at him now.

"Must be Dutch," he said to himself; "but then his voice has a kind of an Irish sound, and his eyes are black. He isn't a Yankee, that's certain."

Silo was right entirely, but his companion was an out-and-out American boy, for all that, and born within a stone's throw of Ponnerby & Co.'s warehouse.

While Silas Morgan was struggling with his first errand in the bewildering streets of the great city he was having a pleasant chat with old Mr. Ponnerby.

They seemed to know each other very well, and the remarks they made about Silo and his errand implied more than a little curiosity as to what time of day it would be when he found his way back again.

The customer went out in a minute or so more, and Mr. Dunman examined the papers Phil Hawkins had brought him.

"It's all right, Mr. Ponnerby," he said. "Cotton is up, and the market promises well. By-the-way," he added, in a low tone, to Phil, "I shall wish you to be polite to your new associate, and give him what information and assistance you can. He is new to the city."

"Green as grass."

"Entirely ignorant of the city and its ways, but a very fine, promising young fellow. Philip, we must make a merchant of him."

Phil looked a good deal as if he considered himself one already, as he replied:

"Oh, but hasn't a heap to learn!"

"I hope he has very little to unlearn, Philip. He is said to be a young man of excellent principles."

"But he's so green, Mr. Dunman! Can he read and write?"

"Very well educated."

"Wonder if he can"— he was about to say play billiards, but he corrected himself in time and said, "speak German?"

"Probably not: but he can learn. Very few young gentlemen have enjoyed your advantages, Ph ip."

Very placid and bland, and almost fatherly, was Mr. Dunman.

He looked, in fact, a little old for his years, for these were not many more than thirty, and his soft voice aided his well-filled skin and careful dress in giving him an air of the most benevolent respectability.

For all that, nobody ever looked full in the face of Ponnerby & Co.'s junior partner and "manager" and mistook him for a fool.

Mr. Dunman was not any kind of a fool, that Phil Hawkins had ever been able to discover, nor was he the sort of man to be trifled with, so that his good word in Silas's behalf was likely to have its full weight.

There were other errands to be attended to, however, and as Phil set out upon them with Mr. Dunman's instructions, it occurred to him that it would not be at all a bad thing to have somebody to divide his work with.

CHAPTER II.

SILE MORGAN kept his eyes well about him as he and his good-humored guide walked rapidly on, but there was little need for him to ask questions, so busy was his friend's tongue with bits of information as to the buildings and the streets. The latter were few enough, and just as Silo found a chance to say, "Look here, you haven't told me your name," he found himself pulled suddenly up in front of a vast, gloomy-looking building, made of granite, so dark that a shade or so more would have made it almost invisible in a dark night.

"That's the Custom House. Do you mean to say you never saw it before?"

"Never. But what's your name?"

"Vandy MacNamara. But what did old Ponnerby want you to do here? If you're green to it, you might as well try to find a needle in a haystack——"

"Oh, nothing, but leave this letter with the Collector."

"That's all? Come on, then; right in at this door."

In they went, through a hurrying, pushing crowd. and Silo looked at Vandy in more than a little admiration of a boy who seemed to know so much, and was so little afraid of running against people.

Through a long sort of corridor and through a door with the words "Collector's Office" over it, and there, among a knot of men and some chairs and desks, stood a very ordinary-looking person in front of an inner door.

"Give him the letter."

"Is he the Collector?"

"Oh, but ain't you fresh! Give it to him. He's the Collector's messenger. He'll hand it in. Did Ponnerby tell you to wait for an answer?"

"No, he didn't."

"Don't you do it, then. Come along, now."

"But I've another letter for the note-teller at the City Bank."

"Close by. Across Wall Street. I'll go with you, or you'll get lost, sure. What did you say your name was?"

"Silas Morgan, and I just got to Ponnerby & Co's. this morning."

"Silo Morgan!" said Vandy, with a long whistle. "And you've just got here? I see. It's a rig of old Ponnerby's. Here's the bank. I'll show you."

Silo thought he had never seen anything finer than the buildings all around him, and he was quite right, but the moment he was on the sidewalk again, Vandy exclaimed:

"Now what, Silo? We must beat the old man this time."

"Put this in the Post-Office."

"Good. It's a joke. Right up Nassau Street, fast as we can travel."

No time for questions, though Silo's head was full of them.

That was in the days of the old Post Office, before it was moved to City Hall Square, and the letter was quickly deposited.

"Now, Silo, what next?"

"Copy of yesterday's *Herald*."

"*Herald* office, then. That won't be far. Let's cut it. We'll wig old Ponnerby this time."

Silo scarcely saw anything more on that narrow street except the back of Vandy MacNamara just ahead of him, darting in and out through the steady stream of wayfarers; but their errand was done in short order.

"Anything more, Silo?"

"See what time it is by Trinity Church. How on earth'll I ever do that?"

"Do it? Why, isn't there a clock in the steeple? Can't you tell time by a clock?"

"Guess I can."

"Sharp, then. Over into Broadway, and right on down to Otter again. We'll catch the time as we go by."

Down they went, and Vandy remarked to Silo:

"It won't do to run, Silo, or folks might think the cops were after us."

"What's a cop?"

Vandy stopped short and looked at him in undisguised amazement.

He had seen a great many queer things, but never before had he encountered a boy of fifteen who needed to ask such a question.

"A cop? Why, there's one."

That man in blue, with all those buttons, and with a club in his hand?"

"That's a cop."

"Why, I took him for a policeman."

"You did? Well, there's no telling what he'd take you for. There's Trinity Church, and there's the clock, away up yonder. Keeps lots of time. The sexton carries it up in a bucket."

"Half-past ten. I wish I knew just what time it was when we started."

"Old Ponnerby knows, I reckon."

That was where he was mistaken. The great merchant had neglected to note it until several minutes had gone by, mainly because he had no idea of seeing his new boy again for an hour or two, at least.

His first surprise, however, was the arrival of a messenger from the Collector with an answer to his note, for it was a genuine letter on important business.

Five minutes later a bank-runner came in with a request from the President of the City Bank for a talk with Ponnerby & Co.

"Mr. Dunman, will you step over? Upon my word, friend Morgan, your nephew is a very remarkable boy. Are you sure he was never in the city before?"

"Positive. But, then, he is no fool of a boy, I can assure you."

"I should say not."

A little later, as Silo and his friend turned once more into Otter Street, Vandy caught him by the sleeve.

"Silo, I reckon you've floored old Ponnerby's joke. Hold on now, and get cool. You're as red as a lobster. He'll think you've been in a hurry. Go slow now, and walk in calm and easy."

Silo saw the point, but it took some minutes to bring him into a shape to satisfy Vandy.

"Now, my boy, you'll do."

"And I'm ever so much obliged to you. Do you live near here?"

"Do I? I should say I did. Why, I own most of this part of New York. My palatial residence is next door to Ponnerby & Co's. The old man and I are not always on good terms. Two of a trade can never agree, you know."

"Two of a trade?"

"Never you mind just now. Don't get excited. Go right in."

Silo needed no urging, and in a moment more he was again in the dingy old office.

"Ah, Silas, back again? Business all attended to?"

"Yes, Mr. Ponnerby. There's the paper, and it was half-past ten when I passed Trinity Church. That is, if the church clock is right."

"Look here, my young friend, how did you do it? Did you hire a cab?"

"No, sir."

"Nor a balloon?"

"No, sir. I walked."

"But how did you make out to find all those places and get back here so soon?"

"No trouble about that, sir."

"Eh! No trouble?"

"No, sir, not a bit."

"How, eh? How?"

"Why," calmly responded Silo, "it was easy enough. I took a city boy along to show me."

"Hailed a pilot, ah, and took him on board? Mr. Morgan, it's all right. Your nephew will do."

"Glad you are pleased," said Silo's uncle, looking particularly well pleased himself. "Now I will say good-morning. You say I needn't trouble myself about a boarding-place?"

"Mr. Dunman will attend to that. We always insist on knowing where our young men live. We keep close track of them, I can assure you."

"Silo's habits are good, but I know what the city is."

"So do we. Good-morning."

There was a hearty handshaking all around, but Silo had already given his uncle all the messages he wanted to send home, and he would not for the world have seemed otherwise than cool and "business-like," with Phil Hawkins looking right at him from over the big desk.

As for Mr. Morgan himself, he was evidently more than a little gratified with the start his nephew was making, and he went out of the office with a radiant face.

That of Mr. Dunman, a little while before smiling as it had been while speaking to his senior partner, had put on an expression of anxiety as soon as he reached the open air.

The first thing he did was to give a sharp whistle, and, oddly enough, that was promptly answered by the appearance of Vandy MacNamara.

"Ah, Vandy, take that check to the Commonwealth Bank and get it certified, and bring it back to me. To me, mind!"

"To yourself, sir. I understand," replied Vandy, as he darted away, and then he added, out of Mr. Dunman's hearing: "I reckon maybe there'll be less chance for odd jobs for me, now that greenhorn's come. He'll take some time to break him in; though there's no telling."

There was a curiously inquiring look on Vandy's face as he looked at the check.

"Vance & Madderley again. They're the big stockbrokers. If it isn't a fiver you may kill me. What would I do with all that for small change! Whew! five thousand dollars!"

Vandy was just the sort of boy to mind his own business; but, for all that, it was evident that he had a strong spice of curiosity in his composition, and that something in the nature of his present errand had stirred it up. Perhaps there had been other errands before for Mr. Dunman, and that Vandy's keen, black eyes had looked just as curiously at other large checks.

However that might be, he lost no time in handing the precious bit of paper through the little window at the paying-teller's desk at the Bank of the Commonwealth.

"Please to certify," he said, as if he was in the hourly habit of handing in big checks.

The teller glanced at the amount of the check and then at a memorandum by his side. Then he stepped away a moment, and seemed to consult with somebody. Then he returned and handed the check back to Vandy through the window.

"Not good?" exclaimed Vandy.

"Not for that amount."

A bright thought came like a flash of lightning into the head of Mr. Dunman's young messenger.

"How much is Vance & Madderley's account short?"

Perhaps the teller ought not to have told him, but he did, with a mocking smile on his face.

"Seven dollars and a half."

Vandy stepped back and other people took his place, but in a minute or so more he was at another window of that long bank-counter, with a slip of paper in his hand and seven dollars and a half in money.

The paper was a "deposit ticket," which he had himself written out, and the money had been taken from his own pocket.

The keen-looking gentleman whose business it was to receive money there eyed him sharply, but said nothing. Bank-tellers do not often make remarks to errand-boys, and that very small deposit was duly credited, while Vandy took his place again in the row of people awaiting their turn at the paying-teller's window.

His turn came soon, and once more he handed in his check, remarking, as he did so:

"Guess it's all right now."

There was another pause and another consultation, and then a peal of laughter rang through the customary stillness of the bank.

"He's done it."

"That's the boy for me."

"Ponnerby & Co. always have good ones."

"That's a thing to tell on."

Vandy knew they were speaking of him, but he kept his face as serious as a judge on the bench, and held out his hand for his check, which was now made as "good as the gold."

He did not linger long after he received it, and when he returned to Otter Street he was a curious fact that Mr. Dunman was standing on the outer steps of the old warehouse, as if he were waiting for somebody.

"Did they certify it?"

"Yes, sir, but I had to make a deposit first."

"Make a deposit?"

Vandy rapidly explained the matter, and as he did so, the look of deep anxiety on the face of the junior partner relaxed into a broad grin.

"The rascals!" he exclaimed. "I knew there was something rotten there. Look here, Vandy; you've done a good stroke of business this morning. See if you can find your seven dollars and a half in there, somewhere. You may keep the change."

He had taken out his pocketbook as he spoke, and while he put in the certified check for five thousand he took out a crisp, clean, twenty-dollar note and handed it to Vandy MacNamara.

"Thank you," almost shouted Vandy; "I'd like to make deposits for you all day."

"That'll do for once," chuckled Mr. Dunman, as he turned on his heel and hurried back into the office.

There were other people who did not feel at all thankful, however, when the consequences of Vandy's presence of mind and promptness was discovered.

Two of them were, at that very moment, in the private room of Vance & Madderley, the great stockbrokers.

"This is our last day, Vance, unless there's a revolution in the market."

"There won't be any, Madderley. We'll be finished by three o'clock sure."

"Can't be helped, my boy; we've skinned it through wonderfully. We ought to have failed a month ago."

"That's so. How much cash is there in bank?"

"Four thousand, nine hundred and ninety-two and a half."

"And no checks out just now, but that fiver to Dunman. I tried to put him off, but it was no use."

"No matter, it won't be paid. silo's just a little too large. I move you and I divide that account and let her slide."

"Done. Two thousand each. The rest can lie there. It won't do to wipe it out too clean."

Two checks were drawn and cash, in short order, and it was not long before two messengers came back with the same reply.

"No money. Account drawn."

"Vance, have you been coming any game on me?"

"Mr. Madderley, can you tell me what has become of that money?"

The two partners were looking daggers at each other, and there is no telling what might have happened if one of the clerks, who had been to the bank, had not interrupted them with:

"The teller said the last check paid was one to Mr. Dunman."

"Dunman?"

"Yes, and the last deposit, he told me to tell you, was one of seven dollars and a half."

"Seven and a half?"

"Yes; he said it was made on the spot by the boy who presented the check."

"I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Vance. "I'd like to choke him, now, but if I ever get into business again I'd like to employ him."

"There won't either of us get agoing again in a hurry, my boy," remarked Madderley. "Not after to-day's settlements are made."

All that day, however, whenever either Vance or Madderley thought of their empty pockets, they had something savage to think or say about "Dunman's messenger" and the cute trick he had played their bank account.

(To be continued.)

ESCAPE OF "OLD IRONSIDES."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Salem (Mass.) *Register*, having had his attention called to a brief statement of the escape of the frigate *Constitution*, chased into Marblehead by two British frigates, gives the following account of the event:

"As I have a vivid recollection of some incidents connected with this affair which may be interesting, I give them to you to dispose of as you see fit. I was then nine years old, living at the foot of Daniels Street, below Derby Street. On a Sunday, soon after dinner, which was, probably, on that day, at noon, Mr. Robert Stone, one of my father's partners in business, came in and said that a ship had been chased into Marblehead by the enemy's squadron, then blockading the bay, and it would be well to know about it. The family horse and two-wheeled chaise were brought out, and at my urgent request I was permitted to occupy a small cricket placed on its floor. We drove up Essex Street, through Central, over the bridge to South Salem, and when half way up the hill at its end, saw a man approaching on horseback at speed, who, on seeing and recognizing us, pulled up hastily, and said:

"'The frigate *Constitution* has been chased into Marblehead—we mean to defend her, and we want all the men and all the guns you can send us. I am the Chairman of the Selectmen. Will you take charge of the message to the authorities, and do what you can for us? I must go back.'

"The proper assurances were given, the chaise was turned, and we drove directly to General Hovey's house, on Essex Street, and next east of the Franklin Building. My father went into the yard to the front door, and I saw the general come out to receive him. Mr. Stone, whose house was directly opposite his, went to inform his family, and I was left in charge of the horse. The point returned almost instantly. The general asked a few questions, naturally, as to the best course to be pursued. The reply was:

"'You will do as you think fit; we will see to sending what they want—both guns and men.'

"William Manning's stage stable, filled with the best stage-teams in New England, was just round the corner, on Union Street, opposite your then printing-office. Fortunately, it being Sunday, the horses were all in and fresh. Manning himself was standing under the old elm-tree. No words were wasted.

"'Send all your horses, with harness and drivers for four or six-horse teams, to the gun-house on the Neck; the *Constitution* is chased into Marblehead.'

"'They shall be there,' was the reply. We drove on, and through Derby Street to my grandfather's house, which stood where now stands the Custom House. They wished to find, and they did find, George Crowninshield, the Ajax Telamon in every deed of daring, whether it was to rescue people from flood or fire, to go through a town meeting, fight for his country's flag, or, as he afterwards did, in person and at his own expense, to bring from Halifax the bodies of Lawrence and Ludlow, after the loss of the ill-fated *Chesapeake*. They all then went directly to the Neck, but, much to my disgust, I was discharged, with my cricket, at Daniels Street, with directions to tell my mother the news. It spread rapidly, the streets were soon filled with people, and in about half an hour I saw the first gun, I think an 18-pounder, with six fast horses on the run, go through Derby Street, with George Crowninshield upon it. There had been some delay in getting at the guns, and afterward in fitting the harness. The gun-house was a brick structure, then recently built, just inside the Neck gate, on the left-hand side, and with the guns, belonged to the United States. The heavy oak doors were secured by locks and bars; but opposite was a shipyard, and soon a heavy stick of timber, by the united efforts of sailors and mechanics, under the direction of the person named above, was advancing to force an entrance. Mr. Stone told me, many years afterward, that just as the assault was to be made he said: 'Captain George, wait a minute. You are under bonds to keep the peace—let me give the order.' It was given, and the doors went in. I saw several of these heavy guns pass by for Marblehead, and I remember, an hour or more after the rest, one drawn by a yoke of oxen on its slow and winding way. This must have been the one spoken of in the *Observer*.

"Of what took place in the other parts of the town I know nothing. The two gentlemen first spoken of drove directly to Marblehead, were in the fort, and went on board the frigate. Captain Crowninshield came round in her to Salem, where she was brought for further safety, offering his services as pilot, but, of course, regular pilots were in charge. I was on the Neck, which was full of people that evening, to see her come into the harbor. It was a matter of much speculation as to how far in she could come. She kept well over on the Marblehead shore to hold the deep water, and came to, to let go her anchors, when nearly abreast of the Crowninshield wharf.

"Great excitement prevailed at Marblehead, and especially in the fort, on seeing three frigates approach the harbor, and there was an apprehension

that they were all enemies—the chase playing possum. The *Constitution's* ensign did not blow out. the wind being aft and light. As she came abreast of the fort its guns were brought to bear on her, when a sailor was seen to ascend the rigging, lay out on the mizzen peak, and clear the Stars and Stripes from the sail. Then a shout, which rang through all the ships, went up from the shore and the *Constitution* was safe. A large portion of her crew were Marblehead men. The *Constitution* remained some days in Salem Harbor, and a public ball was given to Captain Stewart and his officers in Franklin Hall. The brick gunhouse on the neck I saw taken down about 1850, it having become unsafe, and leave being obtained of the United States authorities. The land on which it stood was taken into the Almshouse farm. I never heard my father speak much of this affair, but after his death I was told that the expense of transporting the guns to Marblehead was borne by his partner and himself, the town authorities refusing to pay it.

"Upon this Sunday afternoon the Reverend Doctor Bentley, on entering the church, observed that there was but one male member of his parish present, of whom he inquired what it meant. This gentleman, in reply, told him the news, which he had heard at the church door. The doctor made a short, emphatic prayer, announced what he had heard, said 'There is more immediate need of my services in Marblehead than here,' and dismissed the congregation. He then went with his parishioners to Marblehead, where, it was afterward said and believed, that he went into the fort and offered his services to the officer in command for any duty he might assign him. I believe this story, like a great many others told of him, to be untrue; not because he would not have done it, but because his companion told me, in after years, that they were together, and nothing of the kind took place. In the hope that what I have written may interest your readers, I am, respectfully yours, N. S., Milton, Mass."

NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES—ITS ORGANIZATION.

(Continued.)

TWO clean decks, they are wetted, sanded and scrubbed with brooms, then washed off and dried with squilgees and swabs. The squilgee is a wooden instrument, like a hoe, with a broad flat face, the blade part having leather, or gutta percha. It has a handle, too. It is applied to the deck, pressed down and worked from the man, so as to drive the water forward to the scupper, or hole in the waterways of the ship. It is a splendid drier. To "holy-stone decks" is to wet and sand them and drag over the large stones, with lanyards to haul them fore and aft; small stones are also used. The stones are guided by men who push and direct them with a squilgee handle, while other men pull on the lanyards, or ropes.

Formerly "holy-stoning decks" was performed on *Sundays*. Wherever the large stones could not be used, smaller ones were substituted therefor. To make them available, the men had to kneel, which caused the sailors to name them "holy-stones." This sobriquet has clung to them ever since.

Before washing down decks, the crew make their toilet, using the buckets for wash-basins. (This idea dates from Admiral Bembo.)

When the decks are dried, the ship's bright work is cleaned. It consists of the brass capstan and hatch-rails. Those men who have leisure also clean their arms and guns' bright work. The word "to clean bright work" is passed by the different Boatswains' Mates, who always announce a forthcoming order by a shrill pipe of the "call."

If an early breakfast has not been "served out," which is frequently the case during Winter months, at 7:30 the ship's cook reports "tea-water ready," which means all ready for breakfast. Unless some exercise, such as crossing yards, or loosing sails, is to be performed, the "pipe to breakfast" by the Boatswain and his Mates takes place on the striking of "eight bells," or eight o'clock.

Ten minutes before eight the Drummers and Fifers appear at the mainmast to "beat the call" and "roll off" on the hoisting of the pennant and colors. Subordinate officers are guided by their seniors when "hoisting" and hauling down "colors."

At the beat of the call the "davy," or long pennant, is rounded up to the masthead, and at the "roll off" the ensign is hoisted, the stop of the pennant is broken, and the "night pennant" is hauled down. The crew are allowed to smoke from eight to nine o'clock—it is also the hour for dressing in the uniform prescribed for the day by signal from the Senior Commanding Officer present, or order of the Captain of the vessel, if acting singly. The word is passed by the Boatswains' Mates and the Master-at-Arms, who hangs up the plate on which the dress is painted.

At nine o'clock the "hands are turned to" by the Boatswain and Mates. The sweepers are "piped"; they sweep deck and empty spittoons. The gun's bright work is cleaned. At 9:30 the drums beat to inspection. The officers and crew repair to their stations, and after the crew has been mustered, and the absentees and other reports are made to the Commanding, or Executive Officer, the latter gives the order to "form for inspection."

The men form into line, and salute as the Executive passes the division. After inspection the divisions are exercised "at quarters," or "at small arms," or "at cutlass drill." On Mondays, or the day prescribed by the Commander-in-Chief, the exercises at general quarters, or fire quarters, occure—the boarders and pikemen are drilled in "preparing to board" and "repelling boarders."

At specified hours boats communicate with shore for the benefit of officers and crew, or for duty purposes. The boats are not used during meal-hours, unless it be unavoidable.

At seven bells, or 11:30, the ship's cook appears at the mast with a dish or pan with the day's rations, and presents it to the officer of the day for inspection and to be tasted. If the ration is properly cooked, the officer will so state, but if not properly cooked, the ship's cook is ordered to see to it, and again brings up the rations for inspection. Ten minutes before dinner "mess things" are piped up. The "pipe to dinner is at noon." The crew can smoke between hours of noon and one, when the hands are "turned to."

Between meal hours the Boatswain's, Sailmaker's, Carpenter's and Gunner's departments repair, and do other necessary work; a half hour before dinner said supper work is dispensed with.

Supper is piped at four or five o'clock, depending on the season.

At sunset the Drummers and Fifers are again summoned to the mast, beat the call at the hoisting of the night pennant, and "haul down" the ensign and day pennant at the "roll off." Then the Drummers beat to quarters, the crew are mustered, and their condition reported to the commanding officer; just before dark the "Stand by hammocks" are piped; the crew stand opposite their hammocks near the bulwarks when they have been reported "all up." The Officer of the Deck orders "Pipe down," the Boatswain and Mates do so, the Hammock-stowers call out the numbers and hand the hammocks to the men; they repair below to sling them. At nine o'clock the crew are "piped down"—that is, have to retire to their hammocks.

(To be continued.)

The Young Hero of Cape Ann;

Or,

The Fishing Trip of an American Boy.

By ROGER STARBUCK.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE CAVE.

FORTUNATELY, the party had their provisions with them in the cave.

These, however, were getting low—would not last them more then a few days longer.

"If we only had a light here, things would be more comfortable," suggested Coleman. "Luckily, we have the means for one."

"Where?" inquired George.

Coleman took from his pocket a ball of tarred ratline.

Cutting off some of it, he twisted it together, then lighted the end, with a match obtained from Steve. A torch was thus formed, which would burn for a short time, after which another could be made.

Coleman thrust one end of it into a crevice in the rocky floor, and the party then partook of some of their provision.

After that a consultation was held as to how they were to work their way out of the cave.

For some time nothing could be thought of to serve their purpose.

"If we only had some powder, we might blast away a part of the rock," said Steve.

One of the men pulled a small powder-flask from his pocket.

"I had this with me when I got into the boat, on the night we thought the schooner was going to capsize. It was the only thing, in our hurry, that I had a chance to lay hands on. It was hanging up in my bunk, and I took it with me, thinking it might possibly come in use."

"Let me see it," said George.

He opened it and peered into it.

"The flask is nearly full," he said.

"But how are we going to make a hole?" said Coleman.

"If we had an old spike, or even a large nail, we might manage it," said George—"provided we also had a hammer. The hammer, however, we might dispense with, as *that* would serve our purpose," pointing, as he spoke, to a small fragment of rock on the floor of the cavern.

But none of the party had anything in the shape of a spike or a nail.

This was discouraging.

The whole day passed, and no way could be thought of for making a hole in the rock.

Next morning efforts were made to enlarge one of the cracks in the rock with a knife.

But the rock was found to be too hard, and the blade was broken in the attempt.

Another day passed.

The provision was getting low.

"Could not the boulder over the opening be pushed away with the boat-hook?" inquired Bertha, while the party were talking over their situation. "The ledge upon which it rests cannot be very broad."

"The boat-hook is not strong enough," said George. "However, we might try it."

Accordingly, one end of the pole was thrust against the boulder.

Three of the men took hold of it and pushed upon it. There was a snap as the pole broke off near the lower end.

"We can do nothing," said Coleman, hopelessly.

"In my opinion, we are doomed!" he added, in a whisper, to George.

All at once the face of the latter lighted up.

"That flask of powder may yet prove our salvation!" he cried.

"How, my boy? What are you thinking of now?"

"The small opening blocked by the boulder is at least six inches deep—that is to say, it is that depth from the inside wall of the cave to the inner side of the boulder."

"Ay, ay; right there, my boy!"

"We can fill that space with powder and light it. Then we shall see the result."

"It may make the opening larger, but I don't think it will dislodge the boulder," said Coleman.

"We can try, at all events," said George. "At any rate, it is the best use we can put the powder to."

He proceeded at once to pour the powder into the hole.

When the hole was full a wisp of tarred spun-yarn was thrust into it, and the end was lighted.

The party then retreated to the farther side of the cavern, and awaited the result.

The spun-yarn soon burned down to the powder. Then there was an explosion louder than had been expected.

All rushed to see what had followed.

Three fissures, extending diagonally, had been made in the rock, and the boulder was found to be split open, but not dislodged.

George picked up the broken boat-hook, placed it against one of the fragments and pushed upon it.

To his great joy the fragment moved off the ledge and went crashing down. The other, in like manner, was soon thrust over.

"Now we have our opening again," said George, "which will at least enable us to hang out our signal!"

He peered through the aperture as he spoke.

The weather was clear and the waves of the sea sparkled in the sunlight, but no sail was in sight.

All the party, after being for so many hours shut in from the outside, went, each in turn, to the aperture to derive consolation from the cheering prospect.

"Ay, ay!" cried Old Tom, with a heavy sigh of relief; "what a comfort to see blue water again! There's nothing, I calculate, to make us realize the benefit of free air and sunshine as being shut out from it."

"That is true," said George.

As he spoke he gazed upon Bertha, who, having taken a long look through the opening, had improved wonderfully from that brief glimpse of sea and sunshine.

Her cheeks, which had gradually paled from confinement in the cave, were now aglow with her usual rosy color, while her eyes shone like stars.

Unconsciously, the youth looked at her so admiringly that her lashes drooped over her dark eyes, while a smile hovered about the corners of the pretty mouth.

"We will keep the signal hanging out most of the time, and if it can be seen, which I think will be the case, we may have some vessel coming this way to our assistance before long."

So saying, George thrust the pole with the flag attached, through the opening, and soon had the colors waving outside.

All that day and the next passed, however, and still no sign of a sail was seen.

The party had now eaten their last morsel of provision, and they looked at each other in dismay.

The prospect was indeed gloomy.

The "gaunt shadow of starvation" hovered over them.

Anxiously did George gaze through the opening. No sign of a sail.

Another day passed.

The party found themselves hungry and thirsty, with neither water nor food.

Still another day.

Some of the men complained, but the two women—Jenny and Bertha—bore their hardships with that patience characteristic of their sex.

There was a hectic flush on the young girl's cheeks, and her lips were nearly parched with thirst, but her large, dark eyes had that still, quiet look of resignation peculiar to women in trying situations.

While most of the men walked hither and thither, impatient at their long confinement and sufferings, she sat nearly motionless, with her little hands resting on her lap.

The young captain's heart ached for her.

He almost forgot his own thirst and hunger in watching this girl, who endured her hard lot with so much angelic fortitude.

It was about the middle of the day when George again withdrew the signal and looked through the opening.

"What d'ye see, my boy?—any sign of a sail yet?" cried Old Tom.

Some moments elapsed ere George replied.

"There is no sign of a sail."

The dreadful words fell like the knell of death upon the hearts of all.

"What! none yet?" cried Coleman. "Look again, sir; look again, I beg of you!"

"There is no sail!" repeated George.

Some of the men gnashed their teeth.

Others clinched their fists and beat their heads.

But the two women still sat quiet and resigned.

Bertha had turned her dark eyes with a wistful look toward George when he gazed through the opening, but when he made his hopeless announcement her long lashes had simply drooped, nothing more.

George was about to turn away, when, all at once, his attention was caught by a shadow projected out on the surface of the sea.

Eagerly he watched it.

The shadow was like that of a huge sail upon the water!

"Either I am the victim of a delusion," he said, "or there is something coming!"

The men rushed eagerly toward him.

"What d'ye see? What is it, my boy?" cried Old Tom.

"I will tell you in a few minutes."

The shadow came on.

Soon, to the great joy of the watcher, he beheld, first the end of the jibboom and then the mast and sail of a vessel appearing in the line of his vision.

It was the sail with the tree for a mast—the vessel containing the maniacs, from whom he and his two friends had lately escaped.

"Sail, oh!" he shouted, and "Sail, oh!" echoed the other men, their voices ringing joyously through the cavern.

Jenny and Miss Palmer threw themselves weeping into each other's arms.

"At last! at last!" cried the young girl.

The craft was not more than a mile off, and her occupants could not help seeing the signal, should it be displayed.

Nevertheless, George had his doubts as to their desiring any assistance from the people aboard that craft, and in a lower voice he expressed these doubts to Old Tom, after the latter had also taken a look at the vessel.

"Tarnation!" cried the old fisherman. "I'm afraid that craft is as good as none, so far as we are concerned."

"What is it? What is the matter?" asked some of the others.

Old Tom quickly explained, while George proceeded to haul out the signal.

"If the keeper is still aboard, he may contrive to do something for us," said Steve.

"I don't know," said Tom: "his influence over those lunatic chaps ain't much, and I rather calculate that they'll give us the go-by; still, I'm not sure, of course," he added, as his words were greeted with a despairing cry.

Twenty minutes later, George removed the signal, and again looked through the opening.

Then he shook his head sadly.

"She keeps on," he said. "There is not the slightest indication of our signal's having been heeded. I am afraid that we have nothing to hope for from that quarter, and we may as well make up our minds to it first as last."

Again there was a groan from the men.

Some of them threw themselves down flat, and pressed their faces to the floor of the cave.

A minute later, George could only see the stern of the craft as she passed on, and finally she was out of the line of his vision.

The young captain looked despairingly toward Bertha, but the young girl met his glance with a brave smile.

Ten minutes had passed, when, as George again applied his eye to the opening, he beheld, to his inexpressible joy, a boat heading toward the base of the precipice.

In that boat he could detect the forms of the keeper and three of the lunatics, the latter pulling with might and main and the former steering.

"Here they come!" shouted the youth, and, at the welcome announcement, all the listeners sprang to their feet.

One after the other looked through the opening and saw the boat.

Then there was a rousing cheer.

"Ay, here they come!" cried Old Tom. "There are four of them, and I think I can see the ends of three or four crowbars sticking up out of the boat!"

"They will have us out," said Steve.

The boat arrived at the base of the cliff, and the maniacs, each provided with a crowbar, rushed up the elevation with almost superhuman activity.

The keeper followed, and the whole four were soon on that part of the ledge which afforded them a good foothold.

"Ho, there!" shouted the keeper.

"Hallo!" responded George.

At the sound of his voice there was a yell from the maniacs.

"I suspected it was you," said the keeper. "Who have you with you?"

"Two ladies and all my men."

"Ha! that is good. So you fell in with your two boats' crews?"

"Yes. I will explain after we come out. We are half famished. Please be as quick as you can."

The maniacs were listening, but they occupied a position which did not enable them to hear more than the sound of George's voice. They could not distinguish what was said.

The keeper now went to work with his crowbar.

It was only with the greatest difficulty that he could induce his companions to obey his directions.

He got them to introduce their instruments into a crevice of the ledge, and to pry upon it.

Gradually this portion of the rock moved, and finally, with the crash of thunder, away it went, rolling over the edge of the platform and down the side of the cliff, leaving half of the cave-entrance exposed.

At sight of those within, the lunatics uttered a yell, and flourishing their crowbars menacingly, they rushed in on the party, striking right and left.

"Make them fast!" shouted George and the keeper, simultaneously.

As he spoke the young captain threw himself upon one of the wild fellows, who had raised his crowbar above the shrinking form of Bertha Palmer.

He hurled the man down upon his back, and assisted by Tom and Mr. Coleman, he soon bound his wrists and legs securely with ratline.

The two other maniacs were in like manner secured.

"This is well," said the keeper.

"How on 'arth did you git such chaps as these to come to our assistance?" inquired Tom.

"I had some difficulty at first," answered the keeper. "But at last, by telling them that I believed that signal was hung out by the three men who had escaped them, and that, by going with me and getting them out, we would again have them in our power, I succeeded. I guessed how things really were. Knowing that when you left the vessel you had no such signal as that you displayed in the boat in which you made your escape, I concluded that you had fallen in with your boats' crews, and that you therefore had a plenty of men with you to overpower the maniacs after they should have got you out. Of course I was not sure it was you who were shut up in the cliff. At all events, whoever the persons were, I was determined to make an effort to rescue them."

George now briefly explained what had happened since his leaving the keeper's vessel.

"I hope you will succeed in recapturing back your craft from the colony men," said the keeper. "I have heard of the coast-gang. They are a set of rascals who defy the laws."

"And darn me if I don't believe the British authorities wink at their doings," said Old Tom.

"Not so bad as that," said the keeper; "but those fellows have it in their power, when out at sea, to do a great deal of mischief to the American fishers. Afterward they disperse, and it is difficult to discover the real offenders."

"Well, now, to change the subject," said Tom, "I hope to gracious you have something to eat about your crazy craft. S'posin' we call her the *Floating Bedlum* for want of a better name?"

"You may call her what you please," said the keeper, smiling. "I will answer for it that you will find plenty to eat aboard of her. She has a good stock of provisions, such as they are."

With some difficulty the shrieking maniacs were conveyed down the precipice and placed in the boat.

All George's party were soon at the base of the cliff, when the two boats which had been hidden in the rocky cove were drawn forth.

These, with the keeper's boat, were then started toward the vessel, which, although her one sail had been hauled aback, was being carried out seaward by the wind, now blowing off shore.

As the boats approached the craft Bertha's gaze was fixed upon it attentively.

"Do you recognize anything familiar in her appearance?" inquired George.

"Not yet," she answered.

As the boats drew still nearer she turned pale with excitement.

"The hull is certainly like that of my father's lost craft," she said.

At last the boats were alongside, and George helped the young girl on to the deck.

She looked around her earnestly.

"The deck is like that of my father's schooner," she said, "but there must have been alterations made. Once in the cabin, I have no doubt I can tell positively."

Meanwhile, the maniacs having been carried into the forecastle and there shut up, the men were employed in hoisting the boats aboard.

As soon as this was done, George descended into the cabin with Bertha and Jenny. The young girl glanced round her.

All at once her gaze fell upon the face and figure of a small falcon carved on the wainscot above one of the doors.

Above this, in half obliterated gilt letters, was the vessel's name—*The Falcon!*

She pointed toward it, and said:

"There can be no doubt about it now. I recognized the cabin at once, and there is the proof."

"Ay, ay," said George; "proof positive."

Tears were running down the young girl's cheeks.

"This is the vessel," she said, "but where are my father and his men?"

"We will find them yet, I trust," said George.

But she clasped her hands tightly together, while she sadly shook her head.

"I am afraid not! I am afraid not!" she moaned.

"Again I repeat I think we will find them—some of them, at least," said George, hopefully. "We must go to the place where this vessel was lying when boarded by the maniacs, and there we may hear news of your father."

"What you say gives me hope," said Bertha, smiling upon him through her tears.

"Believe me," said George, as he took her hand, "I would be willing to go through any hardship for the sake of finding your father for you."

"You have already gone through hardship enough for my sake," she said, gently, while she permitted him to retain her hand. "Let us hope that you will have no more to encounter."

"They seem light when endured for you," he answered.

A deep blush suffused the cheeks of the girl, and she gently withdrew her hand.

"I hope there will be an end to our troubles soon," she said.

Meanwhile, Jenny was bustling about, looking for provisions.

She soon came upon a cask of sea-biscuits, and finally her gaze alighted upon some cans of preserved meats.

A table in the cabin was soon spread with such provisions for a meal as came most readily to hand. George summoned all his men to partake of the fare.

He was determined, he said, that they should have at least one good, square meal in the cabin ere they were "domesticated" forward.

The half-starved party enjoyed their repast, after which George selected the watches, allowing half of his men to seek repose.

Jenny put one of the little cabin-rooms to rights for Bertha and herself, and the twain were soon enjoying a pleasant slumber.

George now proceeded to make a few improvements about the one mast and the sail, the latter being one which the keeper had got up, with the help of the maniacs, on the day after George and his two companions escaped from the craft.

This sail, which was but loosely tied, was now more securely fastened, and the shrouds holding the mast were tautened.

"And now," said the young captain to the keeper, "we will head the craft for that part of the coast where she was boarded by the maniacs."

"I will do my best to find the place," was the reply. "But I think it was at least a hundred miles to the northward of our present locality." The wind being favorable, the craft, after she was well to windward of the coast, was headed about north.

Meanwhile, George kept a good lookout for a sail.

He hoped to see the sloop-of-war he had sighted from the cave two days before, and if she proved to be an American, to eventually obtain possession of his own craft, the *Columbia*.

But the day passed, and as yet no sign of a sail was seen.

NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.—HOLYSTONING THE DECKS.—SEE PAGE 179.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

THE wind, which had been fair for thirty-six hours, suddenly wore round, compelling George to haul close.

Thus several days passed, during which Bertha employed most of her time in searching the cabin for some memento of her father—some scrap of paper containing his writing, or some book or other article which had once been in his possession.

But her search was in vain.

Every such article, if there had been any left, had since been destroyed.

In spite of the headwinds encountered, the keeper at length informed George that they were approaching that part of the coast where the *Falcon* had been boarded by the maniacs.

They had just passed a few miserable, straggling huts, scattered here and there ashore, and which, the keeper informed George, were mostly inhabited by the fishermen, who plied their small craft along that part of the coast.

"It is of these people that we must make inquiries. First, however, we must find the exact spot where the vessel lay at the time your maniacs boarded her."

"It will be difficult to find that place," said the keeper; "it was somewhere among the intricate bays between the cliffs."

As the craft stood on, persons were seen here and there watching her.

She was passing one of the bays among the cliffs, when, all at once, a fishing-boat full of wild, rough-looking fellows, was seen heading toward her.

The keeper scrutinized them with the glass.

"I don't like the manner of those fellows," he said. "They evidently recognize the vessel, and, perhaps, will even claim her as their own."

"They will not get her if they do," said George. "The only rightful owner, Bertha Palmer, is aboard."

"There are only eight of them in all," said the keeper, still looking through the glass. "They cannot take the vessel away from you, at any rate."

"No," said George. "I am rather anxious than otherwise to have them aboard. They may possibly be able to give us some information about Captain Palmer and his men."

The keeper smiled.

"If these fellows claim the vessel you may expect but little information from them."

George, however, was more hopeful.

He came up into the wind and lay to, waiting for the boat. It was soon alongside.

Coleman threw the men a rope, and the boat was made fast, after which its occupants boarded the craft.

"Where's the capting?" inquired one, a stalwart, broad-shouldered fellow, wearing a torn cap and a ragged suit of overalls.

"I am the captain," said George, advancing. "What can I do for you?"

"What kin you do for me?" said the man, placing his arms akimbo, straddling his legs, and speaking in a shrill, whistling sort of voice; "and is it yourself that has the impereence to put sich a question to me? Come, now, ain't this vessel me own craft, body and sowl; and wasn't it meself that put the illigant free for a mash in her, and made her shipshape in minny other ways, and ain't it a shame that yez came prowin' round and shtole her from me?"

"How did you come by the vessel?" inquired George. "Who sold her to you?"

"Och! botheration to ye! And what is that to the likes of you, I should like to know? Is a man to render an account of his own goods and chattels, specially whin he gits thim after they've been shtolen from him?"

"This vessel," said George, "belonged to the father of the young lady you see aft there."

The man started and looked keenly toward the young girl.

"Arrah, now, and what's this you're afther tellin' me? Don't I know me own craft?"

"Originally it belonged to that young lady's father."

"I don't know nothin' about that. All I know is that it's mine *now*, unless you're afther stiftikin' up a barg'in with me. If so, we'll let bygones be bygones; and provided you give me somethin' handsome, yer kin have the benefit of the theft, which I'll throw in to boot and ask no questions; though, av *coorse*, I'll expect a little exthra for sich illigant improvements as I've made, and the throuble and expinse, and all that, of the loss which I've been put to by that same."

"I insist upon knowing how you came into possession of this vessel," said George, firmly.

"Insist!" cried the man; "and is it to meself, Denis Mooney, you talk of insistin', afther stheslin' me vessel from me, too?"

"Unless you answer me, I shall apply to a magistrate," said George.

"You'll have to go a long way to find one, I take it," said Mooney. "But I kin save you the throuble, as I want to ind this matter dacently and honestly for both parties. I found this craft adrift, without a mashit to her, her cabin broken, not a sowl aboord of her, and minny other damages. I took percession, av coorse, and so she's mine. It was meself that made her what she is," he added, glancing around him with an air of pride.

"You say there was no person aboard of her when you picked her up?"

"Not even a chicken, upon me word!"

"There was no human being aboard?"

"Not a pig, sir-r."

"I ask you if there was any *person* aboard?"

"No, no; nor even the shadder of one, livin' or dead, except meself and min."

"Have you any idea as to what became of her crew?"

"Av coorse not! Probably they all fell overboard and was drownded, and couldn't git to the schooner afterward, and p'raps they're alive yet, for all I know to the conthrary. Come, now, what'll you give me for this illigant bark?"

"You shall be paid for the improvements you've made," said George, "and that is all I can promise you. If you could tell me what became of the crew I would reward you."

"Well, now, if there's law in the land, I'll have me craft back yet," said Mooney, as he turned away.

Without another word, he entered his boat, followed by his companions, and pulled for the shore.

"I believe that man knows more than he pretends about the former owner of this vessel," said Coleman.

"I will have to see a magistrate," said George.

"I do not think you will find one nearer than forty miles from this place," said the keeper.

"Well, we will first take a look at the place where the craft was anchored when your maniacs boarded her," said George.

"I would not go too near the place," said the keeper. "The people ashore here have not much respect for the laws, and your refusal to give Mooney the craft which he claims may rouse them to some act of violence to repossess themselves of her."

"I will anchor off the coast and keep a good watch," said George. "It is unfortunate that we have no firearms aboard, although I should be loath to use them against these poor people, unless actually forced to do it."

"We have here only a couple of axes, a hatchet and a few crowbars," said Coleman.

George continued to stand along the coast, the keeper carefully scrutinizing it, as they proceeded, with the glass.

The part of the island which he was now surveying was the high, rugged, rocky line, about sixty miles to the south of Dingle Bay.

Toward sundown, he held up one hand to George, while, with the glass, he pointed toward a mass of lofty, beetling crags.

"I think that is the place," he said.

"Are you *sure*?"

The keeper looked long and earnestly ere he replied.

"Yes, I am positive, now. I remember that rock," and he pointed toward a huge, rugged mass on top of one of the cliffs, looming up like the head of a sphinx.

George at once made soundings, while he headed in toward the cliff.

When within less than a league of it he ordered the anchor to be let go.

The anchor found good holding-ground.

After supper, George said to Coleman:

"I am going ashore to examine the place where this craft was formerly anchored. I shall take a couple of lanterns with me and six good men."

"Better be careful, sir."

"I shall keep my eyes about me."

"Of course you will take me with you?" said Old Tom. "Darn me if I don't feel as if we were going to find a clue to those chaps we are looking for."

Bertha's cheeks glowed and her eyes shone.

"Let me go, too?" she said.

"I think you had better remain aboard," answered George.

"No, no, I do want to go so much. Pray let me go. I will not make any trouble. I will not be in your way."

"If Miss Palmer goes, I will go, too," said Jenny.

It was finally agreed that Bertha should accompany the party.

The sight of her tears and the sound of her supplicating voice had decided the young captain to take her.

The boat was lowered just at dusk; and, manned by six good men, besides George and Old Tom, with Bertha seated aft, it was soon gliding toward the high, rocky coast.

The moon rose as the light vessel approached the shore, and every part of the sea, except that in the dark shadow of the cliff, was flooded with silvery light.

Seen from the vessel, the cliff had presented the aspect of a continuous, curved, rugged line, but now the party in the boat, on turning the angle formed by a protruding rock, saw an opening in the bleak wall leading into a bay, which was wrapped in impenetrable gloom.

The lanterns were lighted as the boat glided into this bay.

George looked around him, but he saw only the rugged masses of rocks which bordered each side of the water.

"We will find no sign of my father and his crew here," said Bertha.

"At any rate, we will go ashore and look around us a little," said George, "and in the morning we can visit the place again to see how it looks by daylight."

The bow of the boat touched one of the rocks, and, seizing a lantern, George sprang out. He was followed by Old Tom and by Bertha.

"You will not refuse to let me go with you?" she said, pleadingly. "May I?"

"Yes," answered the young captain. "The rest of you had better await our return here," he added, to his crew.

While Tom held the lantern, George assisted Bertha over the rough rocks which were encountered as they moved on.

They were soon among the rugged masses, which now surrounded them on all sides.

At length George paused to afford Bertha a chance to rest.

As she seated herself on a rock, the youth suddenly imagined he saw a number of shadows moving in front of him.

Ere he could say a word, a dozen fierce-looking men, armed with bludgeons and pistols, confronted the three.

George, calling out to his crew for assistance, was about to spring to his feet, when two of the men seized him, while another pointed a pistol at his head.

"Don't try to resist us, or you're a dead dog," cried the one holding the weapon.

The youth was hurled down on his back, his hands were tied behind him, and he was blindfolded.

Old Tom was served in the same manner, while a kerchief was tied over Bertha's mouth, to stifle her shrieks.

As soon as the girl was blindfolded, two of the

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men led her off between them, the others following with George and his old partner.

They kept on for some distance, winding in and out among the labyrinths of the rocks, until, at length, they came to a flat slab placed upon end.

This was shoved aside, and the men entered a dark passage-way with their prisoners, the two last of the gang stopping to close the entrance.

They then kept on through the darkness, until, finally, they opened a door in the wall and entered a wide and spacious cavern, ignited by rude lamps in brackets thrust into the sides of the rocky apartment.

Here and there were chairs and benches, upon which many men were seated, some playing cards, others mending their clothes, and a few smoking.

Ranged along the wall was a heterogeneous mass of articles, such as barrels, boxes, cordage, jugs, demijohns, etc.

All these people wore the garb of fishermen and sailors, the attire of many of them being the worse for wear.

As the captors led the prisoners into the cave, most of them sprang to their feet, and as the bandages were taken from their eyes, and the men crowded about them, George and his two friends recognized among those who had brought them here the unmistakable figures of Denis Mooney and some of those who had boarded the *Falcon* with him.

"I see," said George, "we have fallen into a trap. What have you done with my crew?"

"Och! me hearty," cried Denis, "they're all in the clutches of me brave boys by this time, and me own is me own ag'in."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I *mane*? What should I mane but that I've got me property back—me own darling of a craft, with all her illigant improvements?"

George and Old Tom exchanged glances of dismay.

The youth placed himself close to Bertha, who stood pale and trembling, her limbs apparently about to give way under her.

"And so these is the thievin' rascals that stole the vessel?" cried one of the men.

"The same," answered Denis.

"Bad luck to 'em!"

"Ay, bad luck! bad luck to 'em!" echoed a number of voices, and there was a rush made toward the party by a number of fierce men, flourishing bludgeons as they came on.

At sight of these wild people, with their infamed eyes, their teeth showing, like those of wild beasts, their clubs elevated as they came on, Bertha uttered a cry of terror.

"They will kill us! they will kill us!" she gasped.

George placed himself directly in front of the young girl, and there he stood, with his hands still tied behind him, fearlessly eying the enraged band.

"Back!" he cried. "Would you beat us down as we are? See you not that we are defenseless, and also that we have a lady with us?"

The calm front and steady voice of the youth seemed to produce some effect on the gang.

They paused while they still glared upon them.

"Ay, ay; now, darn me if it ain't a disgrace to every man of ye to act in this way!" cried Old Tom. "I calculate you didn't stop to think of our situation when you came rushing toward us like a pack of wolves! I thought the Britishers were bad enough, but I'll be hung to the top of our Gloucester meetin'-house if you folks don't beat all creation in the reception you give us!"

"Yes," said George; "the colony men have put us to much trouble already, but these men seem inclined to treat us even worse."

"There's no Britisher about us!" cried a voice.

"No, no! and we'll give the boys a hearin' before we beat thim down!" said another.

"That's it," said Denis; "we ain't in no hurry to hurt thim, 'especially the young lady who stands there as white as a snowdrop. Sit down, miss, sit down; we won't be afther hurtin' ye, at all ivints," continued Denis, placing a chair for her.

Bertha was glad to sit down.

"You will not harm him, either?" she said, pleadingly, laying a hand on the arm of George.

"We'll think about it," said Denis, evasively. "Although you must remember he shtole me vessel and threatened us with a magistrate—two there ever the like!—because we wanted back our own."

"He must die! Down with the young divil!" shouted a voice.

"No, no," cried Bertha; "it was not he who took your craft. It was some madmen."

"Madmen?"

"Why, darn it, yes," cried Old Tom, "it was they that took her in the first place."

At this some surprise was shown.

"Now, boys, we'll institute a coort of inquiry," said Mooney, striking an attitude and waving his arm gracefully. "Form a ring, min, while the prisoner makes his statement."

"Jist give me something to sit on. I don't care what, if it's only a whisky jug," said Tom, "and I'll tell you the whole thing from beginning to end. But as it's a long yarn, d'ye see, I'd like a support to my backbone while I'm telling it."

An empty barrel was brought for him to sit on.

"Now, thin, commence," said Denis.

"Well, now, I s'pose you all know that two and two make four?" said Tom.

"Yis, go on," said Denis, briefly.

"Well, then just as true as two and two make four, that craft that you claim belongs to this young gal, Miss Palmer,"

"And how do you make out the loikes of that?" inquired Denis.

Tom told the whole story as briefly as possible.

When he had finished, Denis Mooney held a consultation in a low voice with his men.

It was soon ended.

Mooney advanced, and cutting the lashings about the arms of the two men, held out his hand to George.

"That we are no friends to them colony chaps that's marred you sich mane thricks you may well believe. In fact, we are himeys to the whole pack of thim. Shake hands, my boy. We are friends to you and your party from this out."

George shook hands with him.

"Ay, ay," cried Old Tom, "and here's my flipper, too. I calculate that you'll let us go, now, and give us back that old tub which you have claimed, but which, as you can see for yourself, belongs by right to this gal."

"Av course, av course. Denis Mooney ain't the man to do things by halves; but you'll be afther saying nothin' about having seen us here in this cave, and all that?"

"You needn't be afraid of that," said Tom. "I rather guess," he added, glancing at the articles heaped up about the cave, "that your calling is not altogether an honest one, my friend."

"And thwat do ye take us for?" inquired Mooney.

"For smugglers, if I'm not mistaken. In fact, I'm quite sure of it."

"I won't deny that we do a bit in that way," said Mooney, scratching his head. "Av coorse we have to do somethin' for a dacent, honest livin', and this is one of thim things. You won't mintion a wor-r-d about it?"

"Not a word. It is nothing to us what you do. None of our consarn."

"We run plinty of risks in our bizness," continued Mooney. "Thim English cruisers is often pokin' their noses about the coast, but as yit they haven't been able to foind this illigant retrait."

"And now," said George, "as you have heard our story, I hope you can give us some information about the crew of the *Falcon*."

"No more than I've towld you—at least, not much more. We saw the wreck drift in' along off the coast, pulled out to her, found not a livin' sowl aboard, and so took possession."

Bertha wrung her hands.

"For God's sake, tell us the truth! Ah! where is he? Where is my father?"

"It's God's truth I'm afther tellin' ye, miss," responded Mooney. "If I knowed where your father was, it's meself would be afther tellin' ye this blessed minute. All I can say is this: On the day before we picked up the craft there was a great storm, and from the coast we could see a strange craft in the distance. What she was we couldn't make out for the lives of us. Some said she was a Norwegian, others that she was a German, and so on. At coorse, whether or not she had anything to do with your father and his crew, in the way of having picked them up or the loike, we don't know."

"Which way was she heading?" inquired George.

"North by west, I should say. A queer-lookin' craft she was, too. A sort of white-and-yellow color."

As Mooney spoke, the crack of a musket, followed by a yell, was heard outside of the cave.

"By the powers!" yelled Mooney; "we're in for it now, boys. Arm yourselves, min. To ar-r-ms!"

"Why, darn it, what's up?" inquired Old Tom.

Scarcely had he spoken when loud cries, cheers and the trampling of many feet were heard.

"This way!" yelled Mooney, as all the men, provided with pistols and bludgeons, gathered about him. "We must try to escape, but we'll make a good fight of it if thim English try to oppose us!"

So saying, he made a rush for the further end of the cave.

A secret door, which had been hidden by a mass of rock, was pushed back, and the whole party disappeared through the opening.

George seized Bertha by the arm and followed with Old Tom.

They found themselves in a rocky passage or corridor, the terminus of which they soon reached.

It opened upon the outside of the cave, on a sort of rocky platform, where Mooney and his men were now engaged in a desperate conflict with a number of persons, who, by the light of lanterns held by others near them, the three could perceive wore the uniform of British sailors and marines.

The discharge of small arms, the oaths and shouts of the combatants, and now and then the crash of an Irish bludgeon on the skull of some adversary, created a din which terrified Bertha.

"The smugglers have been surrounded," said Tom to his young companions. "Darn me if I don't believe the men-of-war's men have got on both sides of the cave!"

"Ay, ay," said George; "and we must try to escape in the melée. This way, Tom," he added, discovering a rocky path, which seemed to lead between two high masses of rock near one side of the platform.

Helping the trembling girl along, he turned into this rugged pathway.

But he had not proceeded many steps when he perceived that a conflict was going on ahead of him between two persons, who then blocked up the way.

In the dim light the three could see that one of the two was an Irishman, provided with a bludgeon, and the other a huge English marine, who fought with his clubbed musket.

He had evidently discharged his weapon and mas'ed his man, so that he was now obliged to use it in the way he was doing.

Each of the combatants dealt his adversary many hard raps, which would have felled a common man.

But these two seemed made of iron, and although the blood ran down their faces in streams, almost blinding them, yet both continued the affray with the most determined valor.

As they blocked up the way, the three spectators were now obliged to halt.

Meanwhile, the combat behind them still continued, and many a stray bullet from a pistol whistled over their heads.

George placed himself behind the young girl, and held her closely to him, that he might thus shelter her form from the shot.

"Arrah, ye British divil!" yelled the Irishman in front of them, "take that, and see if it won't crack yer iron pot of a head!"

As he spoke he dealt his English adversary such a rap on the side of the head that for an instant the marine was stunned.

But ere he could close in for another, the British soldier recovered himself, and dealt the other a tremendous thwack on top of his skull with the butt of his musket.

"Hoo! hoo! ana is that the way you'd serve one of the Brannigans?" yelled the Irishman.

Whack! went his bludgeon again, and the giant marine staggered.

Ere he could recover himself his opponent dealt him a second blow, this time on his forhead, when the man fell prostrate like a log.

Turning, the Irishman then ran along the path and confronted the three fugitives in his way.

Peering in their faces, and seeing who they were, he pushed past them.

"Keep on, me friends," he said, "for about fifty feet, and thin turn to the right, and you'll come to the wather. What yez'll do afther that I can't say. Good-by."

He waved his hand to them, and darted on to join his friends, who were fighting with the Englishmen beyond.

[To be continued.]

"The Young Hero of Cape Ann" was commenced in 175.

THE YOUNG HERO OF CAPE ANN.—"THE PARTY RETREATED TO THE FURTHER SIDE OF THE CAVE, AND AWAITED THE RESULT. THE SPUN-YARN SOON BURNED DOWN TO THE POWDER. THEN THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION LOUDER THAN HAD BEEN EXPECTED."—SEE PAGE 179.

THE origin of the term, "cat-o'-nine-tails" is very obscure, but it is believed to have originated in the navy. It therefore probably took its name from a "cat-rope," which was entwisted into strands for the purpose of flogging; these may have been nine in number, thus giving the name. There are numerous applications of the word "cat" in the navy, such as "cat-heads," "cat-hooks," "cat-rope," etc., and the above certainly appears to be the most likely mode of accounting for the origin of the term "cat-o'-nine-tails," as applied to an instrument of flagellation.

TOPSY-TURVY;

Or, The Boy Explorer,

AND

THE WORLD TURNED INSIDE OUT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

(Continued from page 167.)

"MAN overboard!" roared Sam, on the impulse of the moment.

The officer on watch hurried toward him, and the sound of many feet tramping along the deck was heard, while every one cried out:

"Where is he? Who is he?"

"Oh, the boat has got loose with Miss Emmeline and Mr. Wilcox," and here the situation was varied by a scream from Mrs. St. Clair, who had just come on deck with her husband and at once went into pronounced hysterics.

But the chief officer was at his post by this time, and the bell rang the necessary signals to the engineer.

The steamer slowed up, orders were given to get out a boat, and in a few minutes the latter was in the water and being pulled fast astern to where the black spot, which represented the *Admiral*, could be plainly seen in the moonlight.

She was speedily overtaken, and was towed back to the steamer.

Emmeline was assisted on deck, and immediately retreated to the cabin, under the sheltering wing of her mamma, who had by this time recovered from her nervous attack.

Wilcox climbed on deck the most disgusted of beings, to be pelted with questions from twenty different pairs of lungs, which he tried to answer with his customary coolness of demeanor, making, however, a dismal failure in the attempt.

The position was not a pleasant one, as it involved the necessity of admitting the fact that he had been sitting in the boat "spooning" with the young lady for rather a lengthy period. Indeed, it was so serious, that when Captain St. Clair invited the *Herald* correspondent to the cabin, everbody concluded that it was to give him a thorough good wigging, and make him "declare his intentions" then and there.

Half an hour afterward, Wilcox appeared on deck again, presenting the appearance of a man who had just passed through an ordeal, but looking, nevertheless, rather happy than otherwise.

"Where's Sam?" was his inquiry of the first person he met.

That engaging youth was pointed out where he stood in the bow, leaning over the rail, and exhibiting the greatest possible interest in the various beautiful constellations that were visible. Wilcox approached and tapped him on the shoulder.

Sam looked up with a sheepish grin on his face, but said nothing.

"You young varmint, you might have drowned us!" said Wilcox.

"I forgot you couldn't swim," was the reply of the graceless young practical joker.

"But I forgive you," said Wilcox, "considering how the affair has turned out."

"Made it up with mamma?" inquired Sam, unconcernedly.

"Yes. It's all fixed now, thanks to you. I am—so to speak—the acthe combined force of the water and the speed of the steamer?" said Wilcox, derisively.

"I own all," said Sam, "it was not my fault. I had no idea the plaguy thing would slip through my fingers."

"Then you thought you were going to hold that boat, with us in it, against

cepted suitor, and as I have cut you and your brother both out, I can afford to be generous."

Sam held out his hand, which was warmly shaken by the other, as an evidence of congratulation and general amity all round.

"Now, then, you thought you were going to hold that boat, with us in it, against the combined force of the water and the speed of the steamer?" said Wilcox, derisively.

"I own up," answered Sam.

"Well, you won't hear the last of that this voyage, I'll go bail."

And he didn't.

* * * * * * *

Alaska, the country along whose coast the *Jeannette* was now steaming southward, is a territory of about 600,000 square miles in extent, covering twenty degrees of latitude north of 51 degrees 30 minutes, and fifty-seven degrees of longitude.

The western coast-line is mountainous, containing the St. Elias range, an extension of the Coast Mountains of California, while from the north and east unite with this chain the Alaskan range.

Even along the coast of the Arctic Ocean there are considerable hills, while sixty-one volcanic mountains exist in the country, of which ten are still active.

A number of these mountains are very high, the highest being Mount St. Elias, which reaches a height of 14,970 feet. Quite a number of considerable streams water this territory, the largest being several hundred miles in length.

The Yukon, the "Missouri of the Northwest," as it is called, is two thousand miles long, with a width, at some points, of twenty miles. There are many large lakes in the interior, one of these, Lake Iliamna, being half the size of Lake Ontario.

Prince William Sound is an enormous body of water, having an area of two thousand seven hundred miles, and there are other large bays and inlets, protected by groups of islands, of which the Aleutian Islands is the most important.

The entire coast region is densely wooded, the trees growing to an enormous size, but very few trees grow on the islands.

The climate of Alaska has always been remarkable for its situation, since as far north as Fort Yukon, which is north of the Arctic Circle, the thermometer in Summer had reached as high as one hundred and twelve degrees, before the time at which our travelers visited the region. Meanwhile, as the lowest temperature noted up to this period had been seventy degrees below zero, it will be seen that Alaska had not by any means enjoyed a perfectly tropical climate.

At Sitka, however, the average Winter temperature had been warmer than that of Philadelphia.

Alaska had not been greatly known for its vegetation other than forest trees, and only the hardier edible vegetables could be successfully produced there.—

As to minerals, very little had been found out by the few enterprising Americans who had settled in Alaska after its cession to the United States. There had been found, however, coal, iron and petroleum in considerable quantities.

But the principal product of the country and the surrounding Islands had been for animals, whose skins were collected in enormous numbers and sent to all parts of the world.

Among the fur-bearing animals were the sea-otter, beaver, fur seal, fox (black and silver, cross, red, white and blue), marten, wolverine, wolf, mink, bear, musk-rat, hair-seal and wild-cat or lynx. Seven million Arctic seal-skins had been taken in this country since 1841. The skin of the sea-otter, which measures about six feet in length by about four in width, forms the "Russian sables" of commerce, and were worth about one hundred dollars each.

As to fisheries, it had been reported by the United States Coast Survey that "As the banks of Newfoundland have been to the trade of the Atlantic, so will the greater banks of Alaska be to the Pacific."

Cod and salmon were innumerable, while of the herring it was said that "An Indian will fill his canoe in twenty minutes."

In 1880 the population of Alaska had numbered thirty-two thousand, of whom about four hundred were Russians, and seven hundred Americans. Not more than fifteen hundred were civilized, while about two thousand were half-breeds, the balance being natives.

The capital was Sitka, or New Archangel, situated on an island about thirteen hundred miles north of San Francisco, and having a population of about fifteen hundred.

The country was not known previous to 1741, when Vitus Behring, the Russian navigator, visited it. Captain Cook sailed up the inlet called by his name about forty years later. In 1799 the Russian-American Fur Company was organized, whose charter expired in 1862, and whose employés took out most of the furs, which formed the chief trade of the country.

At one time, and before the Atlantic telegraph cable was decided upon, it had been proposed to lay such a cable across Behring's Straits, uniting North America with Asia, but this plan had been abandoned.

On the 29th of May, after lengthy negotiations by Hon. William H. Seward, a treaty was ratified with Russia, by which the whole Territory of Alaska was transferred to the United States for a sum of $7,200,000; and on the 18th of October following, the surrender was formally made to the United States Commissioner.

In view of the events which occurred during the period covered by this narrative, it is a little remarkable that the Russians, in giving the name Alaska to this country, should have signified in their own language its description as "A Great Country."

* * * * * *

On the morning after the uncomfortable and involuntary escapade of Emmeline and the *Herald* correspondent, Sam was sitting with Captain Wortendyke in the younger man's favorite position—on a coil of rope—with Sam carving something in wood, as was his custom when not otherwise employed.

"Sam," said the captain, after the two had been silent for some time, "I have been thinking a good deal about what you said the other day."

"What did I say the other day?"

"About your having grown so much taller."

"Don't lay it to me, captain; you can see for yourself."

"That's just it. The more I look at Miss Emmeline and at you, the more I do see it, and the more I can't explain it. And then, when I think of that wreck turning up in that remarkable fashion, and looking as if it was fifty years old, I confess I'm bothered."

"Humph!" ejaculated Sam, continuing to whittle.

"Now I know you are brighter than most b—young men, and I believe you have an idea about all this, only you don't like to say what it is, for fear you may make a mistake and get laughed at. Isn't that so?"

Sam smiled, but kept silent.

"You see," continued Captain Wortendyke, "you have been pretty lucky about making discoveries all through, and you've been accurate in your notions, and I don't care how queer a one you have got now, it is more likely to be right than wrong."

"Gammon, cap'n; you're trying to humbug me."

"No, honest injun! I mean what I say. And suppose you do make a mistake, what harm is done?"

"Well, cap'n, I'll tell you what it is. I don't mind you, but I don't want Wilcox and the rest getting a rig on me. Now, if you'll promise to keep it to yourself, I'll tell you what I've got in my mind."

"I promise you, my boy; I won't tell a soul."

"Honor bright?"

"Sure as preachin'."

"Well, then, here goes," and Sam shut up his knife, looked about to see if any one was near, and drew closer to the captain, changing his tone to one of the most confidential character.

"You see, cap'n, I've noticed this change in me for some time. In fact, I first discovered it when we came out of that pesky hole up yonder, where those fellows were going to play lightning-bug and torpedo on us. I found, when we struck daylight again, that I had a beard on me that I didn't have when we went in."

"What have you done with it?"

"Shaved it off. Regular, every two days. Captured a razor from one of the officers and scraped her off."

Here Captain Wortendyke laughed back and laughed heartily.

"Well, I consider red the mattes and made up my mind electricity or skin't make my beard grow out like that in twenty-four hours. Then I began to notice I had got taller. And then, when I looked at Miss Emmeline, and saw she was taller, I got to looking at all the rest pretty carefully. And I found they all seemed older, somehow. There's Mrs. St. Clair, she ain't so pretty as she was, and she looks older. Wilcox looks older, and he acts older. He puts on more lugs, and ain't half as jolly as he was."

"That's because he's in love."

"Being in love wouldn't make his whiskers grow, would it?"

And again Captain Wortendyke roared aloud with laughter.

"So I turned the whole thing over in my mind," said Sam, "and finally came to a conclusion."

"And that was?" inquired Captain Wortendyke, earnestly—for he was now thoroughly interested in Sam's explanation.

"Now, you won't split?"

"No, no—haven't I promised?"

"Well, I came to the conclusion"—and here Sam put his mouth close to the captain's ear—"that instead of being in that place you call 'Symmes's Hole,' only a matter of a few hours, we were there two or three years!"

"Good Lord!" said Captain Wortendyke. "I hadn't thought of that. What an idea!" and he looked at Sam admiringly.

"Now, don't you tell. I wouldn't have that *Herald* fellow know it for a thousand dollars."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from above them, somewhere.

Both looked up on hearing the sound, and there, perched on the end of the fore-yard, was Wilcox himself, who was convulsed with laughter, and had evidently heard every word.

Sam jumped as if he was shot, and both flew to cut off the retreat of the intruder, and silence him before he could tell all he knew "where it would do the most good."

At this moment Lieutenant De Vergne came running from the other side of the deck, evidently much excited.

"Come here, quick!" he cried; "this beats anything we have seen yet."

The cry brought every one to the port side of the steamer.

They were just rounding a point, and coming upon the entrance to a beautiful bay.

On the westernmost shore of this bay, which was almost completely landlocked, there was spread out before the eyes of the astonished explorers a magnificent city, with broad streets, stately buildings, wharves filled with evidences of commerce, while the blue waters of the bay floated ships of all nations, and boats plied back and forth busily.

"Surely," said Captain St. Clair, as he looked upon this unexpected vision, "the world is 'topsy-turvy,' indeed."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE NEW UNITED STATES—OLD FRIENDS FOUND AGAIN.

AS the *Jeannette* steamed up this beautiful bay, the men on the vessels which they passed could be seen gazing curiously at the stranger, whose battered and dilapidated appearance showed that she had struggled long and fiercely against Time and the elements.

"Have you the least idea where we are?" said Captain St. Clair to the commander, as they stood together, leaning over the side of the vessel, wondering at this unexpected panorama of civilization which had spread out before where they had anticipated finding a wild and uninhabited coast, or, at best, a few scattered settlements.

"I cannot imagine," was the reply. "My mind is in a perfect whirl," he continued, "for it would seem as though in a few months this vast city had risen by magic. For ordinarily it must have taken years to build it."

"Commander," said Captain Wortendyke, who now approached them, "it has never been built without time, and I am beginning to think that Sam's suspicions are right, after all our joking."

"And what are his suspicions?"

"Why, that somehow we have managed to lose a long period out of our reckoning."

The commander, who had not heard of this before, stared at Captain Wortendyke for a moment, then he slapped his head and walked aft.

"He is completely nonplussed," said the English captain, continuing the conversation.

"Yes, and so am I," responded the other, "but I incline to think Sam's right."

Here Wilcox approached and joined the others.

He seemed greatly disturbed and his face was flushed with excitement.

"Captain Wortendyke, you've been to New York, have you not?"

"Not since I was a boy."

"Well, who has? Is there anybody here who is familiar with its appearance?"

"Here's De Vergne. He was there just before he commenced work on the Canal."

And as Lieutenant De Vergne approached, he called out:

"De Vergne, you know New York, don't you?"

"Pretty well," was the answer. "Why?"

"I'll tell you why," interrupted the *Herald* correspondent. "Look at that city, and tell me if it isn't New York over again, seen from a Jersey City ferry-boat."

The lieutenant looked long, scanning the waterfront of the city carefully.

"I really think you are right. I can't remember the buildings by name, but they certainly have a strangely familiar look."

"I can remember them by name," cried Sam, who just then joined the others. "There's the Western Union, and there's the Equitable, and the *Tribune* and the 'tall tower'—that's where the man worked that sent me out West, Cap'n Wortendyke—an' there's the Post Office, an' there's Trinity, and here's Grace Church, and there's the big market at Thirty-fourth Street. But I can't see Jersey City nor Hoboken—tell you what it is, Cap'n Wortendyke, it's a dream, and no mistake."

"It's like it, and it's not like it," muttered Wilcox.

And now Ralph Greenough came up, and like the rest, could recognize many buildings and sites, while others were entirely unknown to him.

The situation was a complete quandary. The *Jeannette* was now but a short distance from the city, and presently a steam-tug was seen approaching her, on board which were officers in uniform.

As she came nearer she signaled to lay too, and the commander brought the *Jeannette* to anchor, and waited, while a boat put off from the tug to board her. As she came alongside an officer in her bow hailed:

"What steamer is that?"

"The Arctic steamer *Jeannette*," replied her commander.

The officer in the boat staggered as if he had been shot, and would have fallen had he not been supported by one of the sailors.

"Great God!" he cried, "risen from the dead! Where have you been these dozen years?"

"Eight years," corrected the commander.

"No, twelve years; you sailed from San Francisco in July, '79."

"And this is——" interrupted the commander, excitedly.

"*August eleventh, eighteen hundred and ninety-one!*" was the astounding reply.

"Great Heavens!" cried the commander, and he turned deadly pale, and looked aghast at the others of his party who stood around him.

"What do you say now, Cap'n Wortendyke?" whispered Sam to that gentleman, as the two stood side by side, listening to this remarkable interview.

"Why, I say that I own up. You've got more sense than any of us, and it isn't the first time I've said it."

The officer had now clambered on deck, and was shaking hands warmly with the commander and officers of the *Jeannette* as these were presented to him. He proved to be the health-officer of the port, and almost his first question was as to the health of the steamer.

"You can give us a clean bill, sir," said the commander; "we have not a sick person on board."

"No scurvy?"

"Have not had more than the slightest touch of it since we left San Francisco."

"And who are these gentlemen?" inquired the health officer, turning and regarding the group who stood near, but who had not been named to him as belonging to the *Jeannette*.

At this moment Mrs. St. Clair and Emmeline stepped on deck from the cabin.

They were accompanied by Tolula, the beautiful girl from the North Polar land, and the three certainly presented a most pleasing contrast to the generally weather-beaten appearance of the *Jeannette* and its male passengers and crew.

"Ladies, too?" remarked the officer, and he removed his cap respectfully.

"Gentlemen," said the commander, "if you will kindly divide into your respective parties, I will introduce you in due form."

This request was at once complied with, and our friends of the *Admiral* collected on one hand and those of the *Last Hope* on the other.

"This party," said the commander, indicating those to whom he referred, by a wave of his hand, "comprises a boat-load escaped from the Isthmus of Panama, on the occasion of the opening of the Canal;" and he presented Captain Wortendyke, Lieutenant De Vergne, Doctor Beaumont, Sam Greenough, and Pierre Plamont, by name.

"Gentlemen," said the officer, as he shook each one by the hand, "this is certainly a wonderful meeting. I have heard of you, and remember that when the roll of the men engaged in building the Isthmus Canal was called, after the inundation, such a party as yours was reported missing. It was supposed, however, that you had all been drowned, as the spot where your camp was located was entirely flooded. I congratulate you on your remarkable preservation—though how you should have been picked up by the *Jeannette*, which was in the Arctic regions, is a mystery."

"It is all a mystery, sir," said Lieutenant De Vergne, "and one whose elucidation will probably astonish the world."

"And now, sir," continued the commander, "permit me to present to you this party, which it has also been my good fortune to rescue for the civilized world. They were present at Valentia Island on the 11th of August, 1887, awaiting at the Cable Station the dispatches which were to inform Europe of the successful opening of the Isthmus Canal, and were visited by the terrible convulsion which would seem to have, at one stroke, devastated two continents, while miraculously opening the way to seas and territories never before explored."

Thus speaking, the commander duly presented our friends Captain and Mrs. St. Clair and Miss Houghton, Lieutenant Jasper, Professor Corbeau, Mr. Ralph Greenough, Mr. Theodore Wilcox and Terence Queeny.

The officer who had announced himself as Doctor Bernard Harrington, "Health officer of the Port," saluted each one, being evidently much impressed with the beauty and dignity of the two American ladies.

"It is fortunate for me," he said, laughing, "that my memory is available in this instance also. I recollect very distinctly the fact that two English naval officers and certain American ladies were lost at Valentia Island on the occasion to which you refer, and"—turning to Wilcox—"the *Herald* had a long and eulogistic obituary notice of its lost correspondent, which I remember reading at the time."

"Yes, I knew the boys would take care of me," remarked Wilcox, rubbing his hands.

"You seem pleased at having your obituary published, Mr. Wilcox," said Mrs. St. Clair, smiling.

"Certainly; why not? I shall take great delight in reading what the boys had to say about me."

"And who is this young lady?" asked Doctor Harrington, directing an admiring glance at Tolula, who had stood aloof, modestly, from the rest, as she perfectly understood what was going on.

"This is my most astounding introduction, and I have kept it until the last. In this young lady, who rejoices in the name of Tolula, you see the only representative of the ancient Aztec race, who has ever been seen since that race died out on these shores. And more than this, she is the first representative of an existing North Polar civilization ever brought to this latitude."

As the commander said these words, he led Tolula forward, and presented her in due form. As Emmeline had dressed her from her wardrobe, there was nothing in the appearance of the girl to signify that she came of a hitherto unknown race. Her costume became her graceful figure, and the officer, who was an attractive and intelligent-appearing gentleman of about forty years of age, was greatly impressed by her appearance.

"But now, doctor," said the commander, "you must gratify our curiosity. And first, we are all anxious to know where we are."

"Where you are? Oh, yes, I forgot. Why, you are in the harbor of New York."

And as he said this, a mischievous smile twitched the corners of his mouth, and his eyes twinkled.

"New York?" said the commander, with a bewildered look around him. "You are joking. Is not this Alaska?"

"Surely," was the reply, "this is the southern coast of Alaska. In fact, Prince William's Sound, on an arm or bay of which this city is located. But I will not longer impose upon your good-nature, for I see you are dying of curiosity, and naturally enough. But first I must ask you one question. You seemed surprised a little while ago when I gave you the date. What date did you suppose it to be?"

"January, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight," replied the commander, rather shame-facedly.

"But, my dear sir, how can you have got so much out of your reckoning? Why, this is unheard of; it is a difference of three years. Haven't you kept a log-book?"

The commander flushed, and for a moment a severe look crossed his face. It disappeared in a moment, however, and he replied, cautiously:

"I certainly have kept my log-book regularly. A moment's reflection would doubtless have shown you that I could scarcely have overlooked so important a part of a captain's duty."

"I beg your pardon; but really the error is so perfectly incomprehensible——"

"You are quite excusable. I am sure," said the commander. "It does seem inexplicable, truly, yet I have no doubt there is a good, sufficient, scientific reason for the error. But our entire voyage is full of just such incongruities, and they will all be made clear after a little, no doubt. In the meantime, we are waiting impatiently to hear your story."

"Just one more question, that I may speak and be understood intelligently."

"But, before you begin," interrupted the commander, "let me do what I should have done before—invite you to my cabin. I can see this is likely to take time, and there is little use of our standing about here to converse."

All accordingly proceeded to the cabin of the *Jeannette*, where they were presently seated about the table. Pierre Plamont brought wine and glasses, and Doctor Harrington drank a glass in congratulation.

"And now for your question, doctor," said the commander.

"It is this: What ideas have you formed concerning the nature of the catastrophe which occurred August 11th, 1887?"

"As Lieutenant De Vergne was on the spot in command of the party at the Isthmus," said the commander, courteously, "he is the proper person to inform you as to that."

The French lieutenant, thus referred to, stated briefly the conclusion to which all had arrived, after comparing notes in the course of the various consultations which has been held since the discovery of the *Jeannette*.

After hearing him through, Doctor Harrington proceeded as follows:

"You are right in your surmises as to the breaking through by way of the newly-constructed Canal of the Gulf Stream, and as to its precipitation into the Pacific Ocean and its union with the Japan current. One point, however, you have omitted, and that, perhaps you could have had no means of knowing. The canal, of itself, was not wide enough to have caused, at the moment, such a convulsion as actually occurred, though, it is believed that in time the same result would have followed. Just as it is now also believed that it was only a question of time as to when the Gulf Stream would break its way through the Isthmus, without the aid of a canal, though that would, of course, have taken many thousands of years. But the immediate occasion of the effect being precipitated at once was the awakening of a sub-marine volcano, which had been slumbering since before the memory of man, and which was doubtless brought into activity by the action of the blasting operations which were conducted during the excavation of the canal tunnel."

That was a mere piece of forgetfulness on my part," put in Lieutenant De Vergne. "We saw the volcanic eruption quite distinctly, and surmised the cause of it. Of course, however, we could not judge of the effect of its action."

"Very well. Now that I see you have reasoned out the conditions for yourselves, it is easy to make my narration understood."

"Perhaps," interrupted Captain St. Clair, "it would be well for you to hear something further with regard to this matter from our standpoint. I mean those who experienced the effects of the occurrence at Valentia Island."

"Thank you very much for the suggestion," replied Doctor Harrington; "it will certainly aid us all materially in understanding each other."

Captain St. Clair was at once requested by the others of his party to be the spokesman for the occasion, and he immediately assented, and gave a very clear statement of the impressions made upon their minds, and the conclusions to which they had arrived, as these have already been laid before the reader.

(To be continued.)

"TOPSY-TURVY" was commenced in No. 966.

THE MYSTIC THREE:

SHOWING WHAT HAPPENED TO THREE BOYS WHO BELIEVED ALL THEY READ.

By PIERCE CUTTING.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEVASTATORS DEVASTATED.

HAVING thus relieved their minds on the fair cause of their discomfiture, the disgusted heroes, as was their custom in such emergencies, turned on one another.

They eyed each other in baleful silence for a moment. Hack was the first to speak.

"You're a darned smart lunkhead, you are," he said, ruefully, rubbing his shoulders and addressing Gid.

"What's the matter now, messmate?" inquired that damaged "devastator," despairingly, surveying his dilapidated costume.

"Oh, nothin's the matter—not at all, only if you weren't so fresh, we wouldn't have got into this scrape."

"I ain't any fresher than you are, anyway."

"I forgot you were an old salt."

"Well, he's just got peppered," put in Sim; "but come along; if we don't move on, we won't see the circus or nothing else."

The discomfited rescuers complied without further words, and the party again started for the village.

They had proceeded about a mile further when they came to an old mill-dam.

Seated beneath a tree that overhung the water were three boys of about their own ages, engaged in fishing.

These glanced up at the newcomers, as if they would not believe the evidence of their eyes.

Then one of them gave a shout of mingled surprise and merriment.

"Sacred watermelons!" he cried. "What are they?"

"Are they alive?" queried one of his companions.

"They move," remarked the third.

"I wonder what they are made of," observed the first speaker.

The Mystic Three, in the meantime, had witnessed the stir their appearance created with considerable gratification.

They could not hear what was said, and the surprise of the speakers looked like a tribute to their superior condition.

"Poor, ignorant young clodhoppers," observed Hack, compassionately. "They never see anything like us before, I'll bet a dollar."

"It sort of works 'em up," said Sim.

"Give 'em quite a smart hist to leewards, as it were," remarked Gid.

"Shall we speak to 'em?" asked Sim.

"Well, I don't know," replied Hack, doubtfully.

"We might as well."

"They're a low, ignorant lot, you know."

"But we might hurt their feelings if we didn't notice them."

"That's so. It might."

"And it will make 'em feel sort of good to be talked to."

"Talk away, then."

"We seem to have sort of paralyzed 'em. I s'pose they're scared."

And advancing, followed by his fellow-adventurers, Sim made a friendly wave of his hand, to inspire the strangers with confidence.

"Don't be afraid, boys."

"Holy smoke, fellers," exclaimed one of them, "it speaks."

"We ain't going to hurt you," continued Sim.

"Well, I never! If they don't think we're afraid of them, or I'm a bull-head."

This reflection actually stupefied the strange boys to such an extent that they could not speak for a full minute.

Then one said:

"But what are they, anyhow?"

"Must have broke loose out of some menagerie," responded another.

"I hadn't heard of no monkeys gitting away lately," added the third.

"Why, blame your bones," said Sim, "do you call us monkeys?"

"We never seen nothin' else that looked like you."

"You darned gawks, didn't you ever see three gentlemen traveling for pleasure before?"

"Well, I don't see 'em now," was the reply.

"You don't?"

"Not if I know myself."

"There won't anybody know you very long if you give me any more of your sass."

"Oh, you're a terror, I reckon."

"I am that."

"You look like it. How much do you charge for yourself by the yard?"

"The only yard you'll want any of soon will be a graveyard."

"I hope you carry one with you, then."

"There's dirt enough in them clothes of theirs to make a whole cemetery," observed another of the fellers. "What a spec it would be to bile 'em down for manure."

"Oh, no, it wouldn't."

"Why wouldn't it?"

"Because they'd pizen the worms."

"That's so," put in the third. "But I tell you what we might do, fellers."

"What?"

"We might dry 'em in the limekiln and powder 'em."

"What earthly good would that be?"

"They'd be better than paris-green on the potato-bugs."

"So they would."

"The very sight of them would be enough."

"Certain sure it would. There ain't a decent potato-bug in the state that wouldn't crawl off an' die after one look at 'em."

"Crawl off! Why, he wouldn't have strength enough left to crawl."

"Even I feel faint."

"And so do I."

"And me, too. I'm so sick!"

And the three speakers made an elaborate pretense of being overcome with sudden indisposition which impelled them to contribute their breakfasts to the fish in the creek.

This was too much for the self-restraint of the Mystic Three.

They grew crimson with wrath, and Sim cried:

"So the sight of us makes you sick, does it?"

"Awful."

"Then the feel of us will make you sicker."

"It can't."

"Why can't it?"

"Because it's opposible."

"We'll try it, anyway."

"You're welcome to. But, considering as we're gentlemen ——"

"You're what?"

"Gentlemen."

"Well, I'm tossed!"

"We'd like to know who we've got to figit."

"You may call us the devastators."

"Devastators of a hash-house, I s'pose you mean."

"I'd hate to be a watermelon if you fellers was round."

"Yes, look at his mouth."

And the last speaker pointed to Hackalah, who was endeavoring to put on a withering frown and look very stern, but with rather poor success.

"Why, he'd swaller a whole ham without having to grease himself."

"And pick his teeth with the lightning-rod."

"Just cast your eyes on bones, there," added another, indicating Sim. "He'd be a nice young wolf for a donation party."

"Perhaps you don't know who you're talking to?" interrupted Sim, with great dignity.

"Don't I?"

"No, you don't?"

"I should think I was talking to three tramps."

"Oh, you should, should you?"

"Yes, siree."

"You'd better soak your head," said Hackalah, with an air of disgust; "the mill-pond's handy, and you're altogether too new."

"Too new?"

"Yes, too previous!"

"Sort of half baked, I guess," said Gid, grinning.

"Mopsies, that kebaee and put some lee on your stomach."

"Perhaps you'd better do it for me!" retorted the leader of the opposing party. "I always hire out my dirty work."

"You'll better give this job out by contract, then," remarked Sim; "that pumpkin head of his will need a good deal of soaking."

"It would be a pity to poison the water with him," added Gid.

"And besides, he might get wet and catch cold; only think what a loss he'd be to the neighborhood."

"Why? Is there any jail here?"

"There must be, with them around."

"What do you say, fellers?" cried the fisherman, pulling off his jacket. "Shall we go for 'em?"

"Let's give 'em a free bath; they need it bad enough."

"Very well, then, let's pitch 'em over."

At the word the three villagers rushed upon our heroes, and a rough-and-tumble fight ensued.

Despite their utmost struggles the Mystic Three were soon overcome.

If any one had predicted such an event they would have laughed the prophecy to scorn.

But here it was actually happening to them.

There were three heavy splashes, blending with three loud cries.

They proceeded from the Mystic Three of Suckerville, who were not only vanquished in single combat, but hurled, body, bones and breeches into the mill-pond.

CHAPTER XIV.

A PLOT FOR A DINNER.

FORTUNATELY for the Mystic Three of Suckerville, they knew how to swim.

For considering that the mill-pond was deep and wide, and that their assailants, far from assisting them, stood on the bank and pelted them with gobs of mud and everything else that came handy, they would certainly have made an acquaintance with the interior arrangement of the locker of Davy Jones, Esquire, if they had not been able to paddle their own canoes.

As it was, whenever they approached the bank a volley of missiles drove them off again.

And to make matters worse, their enemies addressed such jeering remarks to them as:

"Stay the mermaids!"

"Why don't you come in out of the wet?"

"If you stay there much longer you'll catch your death of cold."

"And quite all your clothes, too."

"Sakes alive! Do come out now, there's good fellers."

And a mudball spattered all over the expressive countenance of Hackalah Snick just as he got a grip on the bank of the pond and was about to pull himself out.

Hack emitted a yell that would have done credit to a locomotive whistle, and tumbled back into the water.

As he did so he was fiercely attacked by an aged but vigorous gander, which was paddling about the pond in company with its wives and a numerous quantity of goslings.

The gander made a flap at him with its wings, and then commenced trying to peck his eyes out.

"Help! Help!" yelled Hack. "Darn it all, let up on me, will you?"

And he grabbed the gander by the neck.

"Go it, skinny!" yelled one of the boys on the bank.

"Two to one on the gander!" cried another.

"Hold him tight, or he'll blow away!" shrieked the third.

Hack needed no advice on this score.

He gripped the gander as grim death is proverbially said to grasp a defunct African, and trod water lustily, while the venerable bird towed him all over the pond.

His two companions swam to his assistance.

At the same time the entire flock of geese advanced to attack them, hissing and beating the water into foam with their flapping wings.

The result was a free fight, in which boys and geese were mixed up in a most promiscuous manner, while the enemy on the bank pelted the lot with vigor and indiscriminate liberality.

A half dozen of the geese, including the old gander himself, were soon put out of the way of further harm, while enough dead goslings floated about to fill an ash-barrel.

The half-drowned pilgrims from Suckerville were drifting, exhausted, in the midst of this wreck, when the boys ashore suddenly gave a yell and scampered off.

"Now's our chance," gasped Gid Goble. "Let's get ashore before they come back."

And he struck out for the bank.

The others followed suit, and they scrambled ashore unmolested, when Simeon Walsingham Pugsley, who was the first out, was grabbed rudely by the collar.

"Faith, I have ye now, ye blaggard," said a voice, hoarse with rage.

And the speaker, a burly man in a suit white with flour, which betokened him the miller, dealt the amateur seaside bather a cuff on the side of his head which nearly stove his jaw in.

"Oh, Moses!" shrieked Sim.

"Yis, an' Aaron, an' Isaac, an' Jacob an' Abraham, too, av it plazes ye."

And with each name the miller gave his prisoner a blow that made his head ring.

"Let up!" shrieked Sim.

"Shut up!" roared the miller.

"Let me go!"

"Faith, I will—to yer funeral. Arrah! what a purty corpse ye'll make!"

"I will be one soon."

"Ay coorse ye will."

"You're knocking my head off."

"That's what I want to do."

"Hold on there, boss," interrupted Gid, who had commenced to recover himself.

"Begorra, I am."

"Let go, I mean."

"Bedad, I won't."

"Then we'll have to make you."

The miller, still gripping the windpipe of the Hon. Simeon Walsingham Pugsley, looked at the speaker for a second, and then broke into a hearty laugh.

"Oho! So you'll make me, will you!" he said. "We will."

"An' who the dickens are yez, anyway?"

"I'm a friend of that gentleman's."

"Of which gentleman's?"

"Of the gentleman's."

"Is it this crazy little vagabones ye mane?"

"Yes, it is; and I won't have him abused."

"Indade?"

"So let him go at once, if not sooner."

"An' s'pose I don't have him go at wance, if not sooner?"

"Then we'll compel you to."

And Gid made a rush for the miller on the right, while Gid assaulted his left flank.

The Irishman calmly let Sim go, with a parting cuff that knocked him head-over-heels ten feet away, and grabbed his two new assailants by the throats.

"Yer a folne pair av skip gallowses," he said. "Faith, it a pity to destroy yer good looks, but I can't help it."

And he commenced banging their heads together with a vigor that threatened to split their skulls.

The boys were as infants in his powerful grip, and all their struggles to release themselves were vain, so they soon cried enough.

"Are you sure ye have had enough, now?" queried the miller, with much affected concern.

"Oh, gracious, yes!"

"You don't want any more?"

"Not a bit."

"You have no doubts about it?"

"Not a doubt."

"And yes will niver do so agin?"

"Never, no more."

"And yes will loikewise pay me for me six geese and eighty-eleven goslins yes have desthroyed?"

"But we didn't destroy 'em?"

"Who did, thin?"

"Those other boys."

"Young min," said the miller, solemnly, "ye are givin' me lemonade on a toothpick."

"No, we ain't, indeed, sir."

"But there aren't no other b'ys here."

"Of course there ain't. They ran away."

"Then all I have to say, me buckeens, is that it was a bad job for ye they did run away; bekase, ye see, I have to be ped for me geese, an' since they aren't here to pay me, ye will have to do it for 'em."

There was no help for it. The miller, in spite of all argument, remained adamant.

After having been ingloriously defeated and nearly drowned, the Mystic Three were compelled to shell out all the money they had to pay for the fun their enemies had enjoyed at their expense.

It was a bitter pill to swallow, but they gulped it down, and the miller pouched the money and strode away.

He went into a little house adjoining his mill, and the boys saw him sit down to a table where a strong meal was prepared for him, while they had not even cash enough left to buy a loaf of bread, and were as hungry as tigers.

This was the last straw which broke the camel's back.

"I'll get even with that fellow, messmates," said Gid, "if it costs me a leg."

"I'd like to," remarked Sim.

"And so would I," added Hack. "But I'll be hanged if I can see how we're going to do it."

"I do, though," said Gid.

"How?"

"As easy as winking."

"Glad to hear it, then."

"We are hungry."

"Oh, ain't we just?"

"And we haven't got anything to eat."

"Unless we hanker after raw goose, with grass stuffing and mud sauce."

"Well, I don't, for one; so I intend that our friend the miller shall treat us to a dinner. Help me get the geese ashore first."

In a few minutes, with the assistance of a couple of poles, they had dragged the corpses of their dead foes to the bank, and gathered them in a formidable pile.

"Now, then," said Gid, "you've got a nice little voice for a cent, Puggy."

"What do you mean by that?" snapped Sim.

"Oh! don't fly off your kebaee, messmate."

"Don't you backguard on my voice, that's all.

"Why don't you get a better one, then?"

"It's good enough to call you a duffer with, anyhow."

"It had better not—that's all. But listen. You go round behind the mill there and yell for dear life. Do you understand?"

"Yell what?"

"'Oh! Murder! Help! I'm caught in the wheel,' or something of that sort."

"And why will I do that?"

"To earn your dinner. You just do it now, and meet us down the road."

After a little more persuasion, Sim consented, and, loaded down with his friends' weapons, he sneaked off around the mill.

Hack and Gid gathered the dead geese in their arms, and, slinking close to the house, they crouched behind a clump of bushes and waited.

Not for long, however, for they had scarcely gained their positions when a series of the most appalling shrieks rang out from the direction Simeon Walsingham Pugsley had taken.

The miller and his wife jumped up from their dinner, pallid with terror.

"Murtharin' Moses! What's that?" gasped the man.

"Help! Help! Help!" came the voice.

"Sure it's some one in the mill," cried the miller.

"I'm caught in the wheel!" yelled Sim. "I'm being drowned!"

"Howly mackerel! 'Tis a child that's got into the millwheel!"

And followed by his wife, the worthy miller dashed out of the house.

He had scarcely disappeared when Gid and Hack were inside.

Seizing the table-cloth by the corners, they dragged them together, forming a sack, which contained everything on the table.

Then they tumbled the dead geese on the bare boards, instead of the feast which had lately smoked there.

"He can't say we were mean enough to leave him without anything to keep his jaws busy, anyway," chuckled Gid, as they hurried from the house. "Though the ungrateful beast would have let us go hungry."

CHAPTER XV.

AT THE CIRCUS.

THE miller and his wife were still seeking the unfortunate child in the millwheel when the Mystic Three sat down in the secure covert afforded by an extensive blackberry thicket to enjoy the meal to which they had invited themselves.

Boiled beef, cabbage, potatoes and other vegetables were considerably mixed up by the unceremonious way in which they had been transported, but the boys were hungry enough not to be particular to a hair, and made a very satisfactory meal.

Then they piled the dishes up by the roadside and left them.

It was nearly dark when they got through, but they ascertained from a mile-stone that Tunkapank was only three miles away, so they tightened their belts and started for it.

Night had fallen when they reached the outskirts of the town, but the noise of a very loud brass band filled the air, and many people were streaming toward a brightly-lighted tent, from which the music proceeded.

It was the circus.

There is a something about a circus, with its noise and glitter, that makes the blood of old as well as young thrill with a delightful tingle.

Our three adventurers experienced this sensation at its fullest.

For the time being even their late troubles were forgotten, and their clothes, still wet and heavy, became as light as garments of down.

"By Jinks! but it is gay—eh, fellows?" observed Sim.

"Prime, ain't it?" responded Hack. "I don't want any better."

"Nor me," said Gid.

"Nor me," added Sim.

"We'd better hurry in or the show will commence without us."

"Yes; it must be late."

And they crossed the field in which the circus-tent was pitched, and were about to press through the crowd congregated around the entrance, when Hackalah Snick stopped suddenly, and exclaimed:

"Well, this is the worst!"

"What is?" queried his friends.

"Why, this racket of ours."

"What ails it?"

"Oh, nothing. Only it's all knocked in the head."

"What is?"

"Our going to the circus."

"Well, I should smile! What do you mean?"

"I mean, how the dickens are we to get in?"

"Why, through the door."

"And on what?"

The two listeners uttered a simultaneous groan.

They had forgotten that they were penniless, and that the proprietors of circuses have a sordid way of requiring people to pay for admission to their shows.

The entrance fee in this case was only twenty-five cents a head, but it might just as well have been twenty-five dollars.

The Mystic Three glared at one another in speechless dismay.

Then a groan of such dimensions burst from them that an old lady close by screamed:

"Help! Murder! Help! The lions is escaped!"

The crowd scattered for a minute at this, and through the break the boys saw something which made their hearts stop beating.

This something was Farmer Binks, who, arrayed in his Sunday best, with his wife on his arm, was just approaching the door-keeper.

In his hand the farmer gripped a slip of paper, which, to augur from the tenacity with which he clung to it, was a check for a million dollars, at least.

He handed this to the doorkeeper, who, without looking at it, gruffly demanded:

"What's this?"

"It's a pass," was the response.

"A what?"

"A free pass."

"A free pass for what?"

"Why, for to see the show."

"Well, I'm gowned!" said the doorkeeper. "This is a purty business. I'd like to know what they go givin' passes out for when the biz is so good."

"It was giv to me for keepin' some of your folks over night," observed Farmer Binks.

"And a nice lot they was, I must say," snapped Mrs. Binks.

"Oho! And who was they?"

"The three as had the horse, leastways the mare, which blowed up the oil-cans."

The doorkeeper began to open his eyes. He evidently smelled a rat.

"The three that had the horse?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"Which the horse blowed up?"

"Just so."

"And how did the horse blow up?"

"Along of the oil-cans she was loaded with ketching fire."

"And what were the oil-cans for?"

"You to light the show up."

"My friend," said the doorkeeper, who had read the paper with a broad grin, "you look like an honest man."

"I'd like to see the feller says I ain't, by chowder!" exclaimed the farmer.

"And you don't 'pear to be drunk."

"I never teched licker in my life."

"And you seem to have some common sense."

"Oh, indeed!"

"But this time you've got left."

"I've what?"

"You've got left."

"What's that?"

"I mean you've been regular bilked."

"What does that mean?"

"Sakes alive! Don't you understand English? You've been put in a hole, played for a sucker made a fool of, you know."

"Who by?"

"By whoever gave you this pass, as you call it."

"Do you mean to say it ain't no good?"

"Not as artom."

"But they gave it to me themselves."

"Yes, and they gave you a reg'lar stiff, too, I can tell you."

And the doorkeeper coolly tore the pass up and scattered it on the ground.

Now this made Farmer Binks mad.

He had heard of the tricks and dishonesties of circus people, and firmly believed that this was one of them.

He did not doubt but our friends were members of the troupe, and that the pass was all right, and he was consequently convinced that the doorkeeper refused to honor it simply to get the price of two admissions out of him.

So he made up his mind to get even with him.

"Come along, old gal," he said, seizing his wife's arm; "let's go in."

"You'll pay your quarter apiece first," observed the doorkeeper, barring the way.

"Not much I won't. You've got my pass."

"Pass be blowed! I tell you it was a g."

"It was a good bit like you, then, I guess."

"Do you mean to say I'm no good?"

"If the cap fits you you kin wear it."

"Well, I'll give you a tin eyebrow to wear for yourself, then."

And the doorkeeper launched a blow at Farmer Binks's left optic.

That excellent agriculturist was by no means a Spring chicken, however, when it came to fighting.

Deftly warding the doorkeeper's blow, he dealt him a playful tap under the chin.

The man staggered back, tripped and fell headlong over a stand from which an old negro woman was retailing lemonade, cakes, candies, peanuts and the other delicacies the patrons of circuses are weak on.

The venerable African jumped up with a yell which would have awakened the dead.

"Sakes alive!" she screamed, "I'se done gone. You've ruined me. You've bursted me all up, you low trash you."

And she jumped at Farmer Binks.

Mrs. Binks came to her husband's relief, and engaged the incensed dandy women, while the farmer fell upon the doorkeeper before he could rise and proceeded to polish him off.

The people outside, meanwhile, found this too good an opportunity to be wasted.

So they commenced to file into the show in a long stream, without going through the formality of paying for their admissions.

In fact, the doorkeeper had other business on his hands just then, and could not have attended to them if he wanted to.

The Mystic Three were by no means the last to avail themselves of this chance.

In point of fact, they were among the first, and had long been snugly seated inside, when Farmer and Mrs. Binks, having finished with their assailants, walked in, as cool as if they owned the circus, and seated themselves on the other side of the ring.

"What in thunder ails you, Hack?" asked Gideon Goble, as that worthy began to fidget about in his seat as if it was too warm for comfort.

"Oh, nothing," was the reply.

"You're making an awful fuss about it, anyway."

"I've got cause to."

"Why?"

"Haven't you got any brains?"

"I really don't know. I'll write home and ask."

"I don't think you have, so you needn't trouble yourself," retorted Hack.

"Mr. Snick," observed the amateur buccaneer, gravely, "this isn't the first time to day you've made reflections on my intelligence."

"Oh, indeed!" sneered Hack.

"And I demand to know what you mean by it, anyhow. Do you understand?"

"Well, if you must know, you must, eh?"

"Yes."

"Then I mean to say that you must be an all-fired fool."

"And why?"

"Why, there's old Binks sitting right opposite us."

"I'm not blind, am I? If it hadn't been for him we wouldn't have got in."

"And we may wish we hadn't yet."

"How so?"

"Only let him lay eyes on us, and you'll find out."

"Sho?" said Gid, contemptuously. "If that's all, you needn't worry yourself. It'll be time enough when he does see us. So now let's look at the show."

And they bent their eyes on the ring in which the grand entry, which always commences a performance, had just begun.

THE MYSTIC THREE.—"THERE WERE THREE HEAVY SPLASHES, BLENDING WITH THREE LOUD CRIES. THEY PROCEEDED FROM THE MYSTIC THREE OF SUCKERVILLE, WHO WERE HURLED, BODY, BONES AND BREECHES, INTO THE MILL-POND."—SEE PAGE 182.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN ADDITION TO THE PROGRAMME.

THE programme of the Great Celestial Calisthenic Combination was about the same as those of all circuses are.

There was the great entry, in which all the members of the company, gorgeously arrayed in colored velvets, satins and spangles, pranced around the ring on sleek horses.

Then came various acts, enlivened by the witticisms of a clown with a barrel of white chalk on his face and two round red spots ornamenting his cheeks.

By the time the Mystic Three had laughed themselves hoarse, a trick mule was introduced.

The animal in question was a wiry little brute, with ears like wings and a head which looked hard enough to batter a hole in a stone wall.

The clown introduced him by the name of Gumpo, and stated that a prize of one hundred dollars was at the service of the person in the audience who could mount and successfully ride him.

Then he turned Gumpo loose.

Several more or less clumsy countrymen essayed to mount the mule and ride him, with more or less absence of success.

Some would not even be able to get on the beast's back.

Others would mount and hang on by the head or tail, but only for a few seconds.

Then the cunning Gumpo would succeed in throwing them and kicking them out of the ring.

After watching the scene with growing disgust for some time, Hackaliah Snick snorted:

"Well, this is a gay old sight, isn't it?"

"I should just smile," replied Sim, grinning from ear to ear, as if he intended to swallow the whole circus.

"Smile at what?" demanded Hack.

"Why, at the show."

"At the show in the ring there?"

"Yes."

"And do you see anything funny in it?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, they do say that children and fools are easily pleased."

"Do you mean to call me a child or a fool?"

"Any man that laughs at such a show must be one or the other."

"Well, I want to know."

"You want to know what?"

"What ails the show, anyhow."

"It's simply disgusting, that's what ails it."

"Sho! You must be crazy."

"Why must I?"

"Because you must. What is there so disgusting about it?"

"Well, if it isn't enough to sicken a dog to see people carrying on like that, I give in."

"They're only trying to ride the mule."

"That's just it. And not a one among 'em knows the first thing about riding."

"Maybe you could do better yourself," sneered Gid.

"I'd care in if I couldn't."

"Humph! Talk's cheap."

"Is it, though?"

"But it takes money to buy a farm."

"You don't say so."

"I just do; and I say something more."

"Gas away, old windbag."

"If I was so disgusted with the show I would——"

"What?"

"Clear out. And if I could ride mules so all-fired handsome, do you know what I'd do?"

"You'd drive a canal-boat, I s'pose."

"I'd go in for that hundred dollars."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that since you can ride that there animal you'd better do it and win the money, for if you don't, we'll have to rob a bank soon."

"Naff ced," cried Hack.

And Gid sprang to his feet.

"What are you going to do?" demanded Sim.

"To win that hundred."

And clearing the heads of the people in the seats below him with a leap, Hackaliah Snick landed in the ring, struck an attitude, and cried:

"Houp la!"

"Hello! Hello!" said the clown. "What's all this?"

"It's opposition, old man!" yelled a voice from the crowd.

And a roar of laughter, which made Hack's blood boil, flapped the canvas roof of the tent.

In point of fact, he did not look unlike a clown himself.

His queer garb and his extravagant manner lent him such a funny aspect that even the professional mirth-maker in the ring had to laugh.

"Welcome, brother, he said, gravely.

And he took Hackaliah's hand and solemnly shook it.

"What show do you turn up from?" he asked.

"Barnum's!" yelled the voice. "The monkeys broke loose last week."

"For two pins I'd smash the man that said that in the nose!" cried Hack, indignantly.

"Ho! ho! What with, honey?"

"With these!"

And he shook his fists at the direction whence the voice emanated.

Another storm of jeering laughter went up, and Hack grew black in the face.

But for the interference of the clown he would have jumped out of the ring and gone in search of his insulter.

Mr. Merryman, however, held him by the sleeve, and said, in mock sympathy:

"Don't mind them, brother. They are low and vulgar minds."

"Regular louts," said Hack, in a loud voice.

"Who are you calling louts?" demanded one of the crowd.

"You. Why don't you come when you're called?"

"I am. Here's my card, to begin with."

And the speaker hurled a big chunk of the soft and sticky candy known as yellow jack at Hack's head.

It struck the member from Suckerville fair in the nose, and plastered all over his face.

Hack tumbled back against Gumpo, who immediately elevated his heels and sent him flying up among the lamps.

When he came down he flopped directly on the mule's back, and the brute started at a gallop around the ring, braying like mad.

Gid, meanwhile, had reached over and caught the man who had assaulted his friend, and who happened to sit next to him, by the collar, and the pair went tumbling down the seats together, pummeling each other as if they had a contract for jelly to fill.

A companion of the candy cannonader aimed a kick at Gid as he rolled down, when Sim adroitly tripped him up and threw himself upon him.

All was now confusion.

People were rushing, panic-stricken, from the show on all sides.

Women were shrieking, men yelling, children bawling, and every animal in the circus making all the noise it could.

Sim and Gid were struggling with their opponents on the ground.

And in the ring Hack, with his legs twisted around Gumpo's neck, and his hands frantically gripping his tail, was being carried round and round at a rate which made his hair curl.

There was one person in the show who had viewed the commencement of this variation to the programme with no little interest. This was Farmer Binks.

At the first appearance of Hack in the ring he had sat petrified by amazement.

He recognized him at once, and at first supposed it all part of the show, but circumstances soon undeceived him.

Then he jumped up with a yell.

"By gum!" he shouted. "Hold my hat, old woman."

"What's the matter, Jed Binks?" demanded his wife.

"You just hold my hat, that's all. Bile my boots if I don't make him think a hayseed has hit him!"

And he bounded into the ring just as Gumpo rolled over on his rider, compelling him to forego his hold.

Before Hackaliah Snick could rise, Farmer Binks was on top of him.

No pen could describe the scene that followed.

The fight had spread to various other people in the crowd, and about a hundred men and several women were mauling one another for dear life, while the majority of the terrified audience were rushing out, bursting through the canvas walls of the tent as a rider jumps through the paper balloons.

In their mad haste they ran against the guy-ropes which kept the big centre-pole steady and broke half of them, or tore the stout iron pegs to which they were attached out of the earth.

The consequence was that the centre-pole began to totter.

The combatants saw their danger, and ceasing their fight, made a rush for the safety of the open air.

They were none too soon.

The last man had scarcely got out of the tent, when the centre-pole fell, dragging all the canvas down with it.

In a minute more the many flaring oil-lamps buried in the wreck had ignited it, and the circus was on fire.

The Mystic Three of Suckerville, as the reader may suppose, did not wait to help put it out.

Not much.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAPTAIN SNICK DISGUSTED.

WITH a pandemonium of noises filling the air behind them, and the sky red with the lurid light of the blazing tent, the Mystic Three ran headlong from the scene of their late disaster.

Double-quick was a snail's pace to theirs.

They had taken the first road they came to, and hurried along without the least idea of the direction in which they were journeying.

After running about a mile at a pace that would have done no discredit to a six-day's go-as-you-please pedestrian, they pulled up panting, and listened for any sounds of pursuit.

They heard faint shouts far in the distance, but these soon died away.

The light of the fire had faded out, and nothing indicated that they were in any danger of pursuit or capture.

"You're a nice idiot, ain't you?"

"Are you addressing me, Mr. Pugsley?" demanded Hack.

"I have that honor, Mr. Hackaliah Snick, Esq.," grumbled Sim, rubbing his shins and feeling about his anatomy for the numerous bruises he had received in his efforts to escape from the tent. "Sakes alive! I'm a mass of wounds. I feel as if I'd been run through a hay-cutter."

"And on what do you base your theory of my imbecility?" demanded Hack, viciously.

"On general principles."

"Explain, if you please."

"I would, only I don't believe you'd have sense enough to understand me."

"Can't you give me a fair trial?"

"For a dime I'd give you a pounding."

"I am sorry the depletion of my finances puts it out of my power to oblige you. If you don't mind trusting me tenpence now you can pitch in."

"You ain't worth licking."

"But why?"

"Why, if you hadn't been so mighty smart, and tried to show off riding that blamed mule, old Binks wouldn't have found us out."

"Oh, he wouldn't, hey?"

"No, sir, of course he wouldn't!"

"Why, he'd a-seen your ugly mug, anyway. You would get on the first seat and grin till your mouth looked like a railroad-tunnel."

"I tell you he'd never seen us if you hadn't gone into the ring and made a darned fool of yourself."

"Don't you ever make a bigger one of yourself and you'll pass for a wise man."

"Oh, chain up your language-lockers, both of you," interposed Gid, who had been assiduously engaged in stanching the flow of blood from his badly damaged nose; "you're worse than two old women fighting for a clothes-line."

"What'll we stint up for?"

"Because I tell you to; I'm captain, I believe."

"I guess not much," said Hackaliah; "you was captain yesterday, but it's my turn now."

"Not till after twelve o'clock, mesmate, and it wants an hour of that yet."

"Well, suppose you are captain, what of it?"

"You've got to obey my orders, that's all."

"Haven't heard you give any orders yet. You've done nothing but eat and run away since you've been in command."

"I did not run away any quicker than you did, I reckon."

ARTESIAN WELL AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

"You led the way, anyhow."

"That's the captain's duty."

"Oh, it is, is it?"

"Yes, siree, every time."

"He's a bully captain in a retreat," put in Sim; "he's just like the Irish soldier who said he was 'The last in the field and the first to leave it.'"

"He'd be just the other way if it was a turnip-field or a watermelon patch," added Hack.

"Never you mind whether I would or not," said Gid, with an air of authority; "you just obey orders and make sail on a wind. We ain't out of danger yet, particularly as we don't know where we are."

"I vote we git over the fence and take a rest till daylight," said Hackaliah.

"I second the motion," continued Sim; "I'm as tired as if I'd been turning a grindstone all day."

"I veto the proposition, and order you to make tracks," replied Gid. "We must keep on till daylight, then we can find out where we are, and get something to eat and take a good rest."

After some considerable grumbling, Sim and Hack consented to move on, and the three tramped along wearily until daybreak.

When it became light enough to distinguish their surroundings, the boys found themselves on a broad, well-traveled road, with well cultivated fields on either hand.

There was no house in sight.

A little distance in advance a dense wood fringed one side of the road, and toward this shelter they bent their steps.

They soon reached it, and finding a small, well-shaded opening among the trees, a few paces from the road, threw themselves down to rest and consider what to do next.

"Come, you fellows," commanded Hackaliah, who had now assumed the post of leader. "We can't be lazing about here all day."

"I guess we could if we'd be let to."

"But you won't, so don't you forget it."

"There's a cornfield over there."

"And there's a scarecrow in it."

"Well, if you don't mind robbing a relative, you may see if you can't get some corn, and we'll have a roast."

"It will be a roast, sure enough," said Sim, discontentedly, "for us to go stealing corn while you lie there flat on your back doing nothing."

"Who said I wasn't going to do anything?"

"I don't see any signs of it, anyway."

"Well, you just obey orders and ask no questions. I believe I run this racket."

"I suppose we'll have to do it, Gid," said Sim, slowly dragging himself to his feet. "Come along, old salt."

"I'm ready whenever you are, but I like to know how we are going to roast corn without a fire?"

"You needn't worry yourself about that," replied Hackaliah. "I'll attend to that department. Hurry up, and don't be all day."

The two accordingly started off in the direction of the corn-field, and Hackaliah busied himself with the task of endeavoring to start a fire.

As he had no matches he resorted to an expedient of which he frequently read as the one employed by the Indians and other barbarous people.

This was nothing less than that of rubbing two sticks together till they took fire from the friction.

Accordingly, he rubbed away for about half an hour, with no other result than that of making his arms ache till he began to think they would drop off, and filling his hands with splinters, while his face turned as red as a boiled beet.

He was still employed in this fruitless labor when Gid and Sim returned, laden with as many ears of corn as they could conveniently carry.

"You are looking weary, Captain Snick," observed Sim, with sarcastic civility.

"Am I?"

"Your labors have doubtless wearied you."

"Perhaps they have."

"Doing nothing is awful severe work, isn't it, Gid?"

THROUGH THE HEART OF JAPAN.—"THEY FORCED HIM DOWN, AND OSHI CUT OFF HIS HEAD WITH THE DIRK THAT TAKUMI HAD USED WHEN HE PERFORMED HARA-KIRI."—SEE PAGE 186.

"Dreadful."

"Terrible."

"Tremendous."

"Excessively exhausting, in fact; especially when you try as hard at it as our gallant captain has evidently been doing."

"Never you mind what your gallant captain has been doing."

"I don't much; only I despise a liar."

"Who's a liar?"

"You are."

"Why am I?"

"Didn't you say you were going to build a fire?"

"I did."

"Well, where is it?"

"There it is."

And Hack sulkily pointed to a little heap of twigs and dried leaves which he had gathered, but about which no signs of any present or future combustion were visible, still vigorously rubbing his two sticks together, with an air of grim determination.

"Oh, that's the fire, is it?" said Sim, with a sarcastic grin. "It don't look like a very lively conflagration."

"It'll be all right in a minute."

"Oh, it will, hey?"

"Yes, sir, it will."

"Somewhere about next New Year's, I suppose you mean?"

"Perhaps you think you could make it quicker?"

"I should smile if I couldn't."

"Why don't you do it, then?"

"It ain't my department."

"If I order you to do it it'll be your department mighty sudden."

"You think so, do you?"

"No, sir, I don't think so; I know it."

"Seems to me, messmate," interposed Gid, who had been silently listening to this dispute, "that it's a darned sight more important to get the fire made than to quarrel about who's to make it."

"Why don't you make it, then?"

"I'm just a-goin' to."

And he calmly produced a handful of matches from his pocket, and in a minute had the leaves and twigs blazing merrily.

"Gid Goble!" exclaimed Hackaliah, in great wrath, "I always thought you were a fool, and now I know it."

"What's the matter now, Hacky?"

"Why, you let me nearly work my arms off trying to start this confounded fire, and had a pocket full of matches all the time."

"I've got some, too," said Sim, producing a quantity.

Captain Hackaliah Snick's feelings were too deep to find adequate expression in words.

He simply took his hat off, stamped on it, and then said:

"Well, may I be hanged!"

[To be continued.]

"The Mystic Three" was commenced in No. 477.

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

THOMAS M. BROWN,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 7, YORK STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THOMAS M. BROWN is a well-grown and intelligent youth, who is studying with great zeal in the highest class of Grammar School No. 7, York Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. He was born in that city January 25d, 1864, making him fifteen years of age. He is the son of Samuel and Eliza Brown. He first attended this school in the Primary Department at an early age, and was duly promoted to the lowest grammar class. His amiable disposition was shown from the date of his first entrance to the school, and he made the most praiseworthy efforts to further the plans of his teachers in regard to himself. Other boys were sometimes more brilliant, but for steady, reliable progress, in which he took the greatest interest himself, young Brown was regarded as without a rival. In the grammar studies he has not been different either in his characteristics or in his success. He makes one hundred per cent. in spelling, and has a good average in all the studies of the highest class. His name is now on the roll of honor of the school. He is a manly-looking youth, with respectful and polite manners. He promises to be a credit to society hereafter, as he is now in his school.

THOMAS M. BROWN, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 7, YORK STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CHARLES TONGUE,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 14, NAVY STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CHARLES TONGUE is an earnest, prompt-speaking and ambitious pupil of Grammar School No. 14, Navy Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. He was born in Brooklyn, January 20th, 1866, and is therefore nearly fourteen years of age. He is the son of Samuel and Margaret Tongue. When only five years old he commenced his studies in the Primary Department of No. 14, and he has reached the first division of the first class. In going through the different classes he has made his mark in all of them for diligence and excellence of deportment. He has a bright, cheerful face, and is polite and self-possessed in his manners. There is no air of importance about him, but he seeks to be a dutiful scholar and boy. We were struck with the fact—and we considered it a most pleasing characteristic—that he deferred entirely to the wishes of his parents in making promises, showing that he regarded obedience to them as his first duty. He is a quick learner, and can explain a subject or enter into conversation upon current topics in a manner which shows penetration of mind and close observation. He has a great deal of life and good-nature, and energy and pluck for any amount of effort. Hence in the school they regard him very favorably, and believe that he fully meets the requirements of a "distinguished scholar."

CHARLES TONGUE, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 14, NAVY STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

THIS method of raising water by perpendicular perforations or borings into the ground has been named artesian from the belief that it was first used in the district of Artois, in France; but the name appears to have been as well known in Italy as in Artois, from time immemorial. It is also probable that it was known to the ancients; for Niebuhr cites from Olympiodorus:

"Wells are sunk in the cases from 200 and 300 to 400 yards in depth (the water being equal to half a foot), whence water rises and flows over."

Through the artesian borings the water rises from various depths, according to circumstances, above the surface of the soil, producing a constant flow or stream. They are highly useful in districts where springs or rivers are scarce, or where the usual surface-water is of indifferent quality. Their action is due to the constant endeavor of water to seek its level, and the principle is the same as that of an artificial fountain. Thus, imagine a somewhat basin-shaped bed of sand, or chalk, or any rock of a porous nature, to lie upon a stratum of clay impermeable to water, and to be covered with another stratum equally impermeable. The former bed, being saturated to a great extent by the water which flows into it from its higher and exposed edges—a hilly region, perhaps, where rain falls in abundance—becomes a reservoir, which, if an opening is bored down into it through the overlying clay, will discharge its waters upward with a force determined by the level at which they are kept in the reservoir, the rate at which they can percolate through its substance, and the size of the orifice; and in proportion as this reservoir is tapped by the borer must the supply it affords on its upper margin be diminished.

As the water becomes impregnated with the various substances through which it passes, a general geological knowledge of the country in which artesian wells should be bored is indispensable; indeed, the power of pointing out these situations is one of the practical applications of geology to the useful purposes of life.

The operation of boring these wells is performed with chisels or jumpers, augers, and similar instruments, attached to the lower end of an iron rod formed of many lengths, which screw into one another. To the upper end of this compound rod is attached a transverse handle, worked by two men, by which the boring instrument may either be turned round, where an auger is used, or raised—turned a little way between each stroke; whereas, in cutting through rock, the hole must be formed more by chipping than boring. In boring through soft strata, a kind of cylindrical auger is used, which, when full of earth, must be drawn up and cleared; and a similar instrument is used to remove the chippings produced by the chisels employed to perforate rock. As the weight of the rods required for boring to a great depth would render them unmanageable by hand, a triangle of poles, supported by tackle for raising the boring-rod, is erected over the hole; and to facilitate the cutting or chipping through rock, the rod is suspended over the hole by a chain, from an elastic wooden pole fixed at one end only in a pile of stones. The vibration of this pole, when set in motion, gives the required up-and-down motion to the rod, while the turning of the transversed handle causes the chisel or jumper continually to vary its strokes. But there has been devised a boring instrument to be readily slid up and down the rod, so that the charged auger alone has to be raised, without disturbing a single joint of the rod.

One of the most celebrated artesian wells is that bored by the Messrs. Mulot, at Grenelle, in Paris, which occupied seven years, one month, and twenty-six days, to the depth of 1,794½ English feet; or 1945½ feet below the depth at which M. Elie de Beaumont, the geologist, foretold that water would be found. The sound or borer weighed 20,000 pounds, and was treble the height of the dome of the Hospital of the Invalides, at Paris. In May, 1837, when the bore had reached 1,246 feet, eight inches, the great chisel, and 262 feet of rods, fell to the bottom; and, although these weighed five tons, M. Mulot tapped a screw on the head of the rods, and thus, connecting another length to the end, after fifteen months' labor, drew up the chisel! On another occasion, this chisel, having been raised with great force, sunk at one stroke eighty-five feet three inches into the chalk!

It is generally supposed that a provincial well-digger introduced into England the process of *boring for water* by the artesian method, and that Tottenham was the site of the first boring, about 1822. The priority of the invention is, however, due to Mr. Benjamin Vulliamy, who, upon his estate of Norlands, at the foot of Notting Hill, bored the first complete and overflowing well by means of a tube. Mr. Vulliamy, who was a man of scientific repute and a skillful mechanician, finished his arduous work in November, 1794. He began to sink his well in the usual manner; it had a diameter of four feet, the land-springs were stopped out, and the well was sunk and steined to the bottom. When the workmen had got to the depth of 236 feet, thinking the water to be not very far off, they did not consider it safe to sink any deeper. A double thickness of steining was then made about six feet from the bottom upward, and a borer of five and one-quarter inches' diameter was used. A copper pipe of the same diameter as the borer was driven down the bore-hole twenty-four feet, at which depth the borer pierced through the rock into the water; and, by the manner of its going through, it probably broke into a stratum containing water and sand. At the time the borer thrust through, the top of the copper pipe was about three feet above the bottom of the well; a mixture of sand and water instantly rushed in through the aperture of the pipe; and in less than an hour and a half the water of the well stood within seventeen feet of the surface; it rose the first 124 feet in eleven minutes, and the remaining 119 feet in

one hour and nine minutes. The boring was then found filled with sand to the depth of ninety-six feet, the removal of which was a work of difficulty, as was also the rebuilding of a portion of the brick-work; but at length the water ran over the top of the well.

The depth of the Grenelle well is nearly four times the height of Strasbourg Cathedral; more than six times the height of the Hospital of the Invalides, at Paris; more than four times the height of St. Peter's at Rome; nearly four times and a half the height of St. Paul's, and nine times the height of the Monument, London. Lastly, suppose all the above edifices to be piled upon each other, from the base-line of the well of Grenelle, and they would reach within eleven and a half feet of its surface.

Artesian wells, however, have bored of much greater depth than that of Grenelle. Thus an artesian well bored at Mondorff, in the Duchy of Luxembourg, is 2,400 feet deep; and another at New Saltzwerk, in Westphalia, is 2,100 feet deep.

Another artesian well has been commenced at Paris, at the Place Hébert, and has been continued in spite of the numerous difficulties met with at almost every step. The first seventy-two feet of the shaft are lined with masonry. Then succeeds wrought-iron tubing, forced in by screw-pressure. When this tubing had been carried down through thirty-six beds, there was reached a row of sand mingled with such a quantity of water that the sand was almost in a fluid state. It was then found that the under-currents of water had driven the tubing out of the true perpendicular. To obviate this was impossible, and the defect could only be remedied by taking up the tubes altogether and continuing the masonry lining. The cylinders were removed with great difficulty, when it was found that the masonry could not be continued in the ordinary means, and a new method was devised. After several yards had been excavated below the existing masonry, and the sides shored up, a strong cradle of timber, exactly fitting the circumference of the well, was lowered and held suspended by stout chains to beams, over the orifice of the well. This being done, the masonry was rapidly carried up from the cradle or platform as far as the existing lining, the chains being seated up in the work. One section being finished, another space was cleared, another platform was let down, by other chains, and the masonry laid upon it. Although the *calcaire grossier* was reached, the water sprang up in such abundance that the sinking of the well by manual labor had to be abandoned, and recourse had to the *tr-pan*, an implement weighing no less than five tons, and composed of six branches, each armed with a steel chisel. It was expected that the work would be free from obstacles till the chalk was reached at an estimated depth of 472 feet.

Artesian wells have been bored in and around London with opposite results, the alterations in the London strata being so great that no one experienced in wells will venture to infer from one result what will occur in another. The New River Company sunk a vast well at the foot of their reservoir in the Hampstead-road, at the cost of £12,412, and three years' operations, but the water obtained in the chalk was inconsiderable.

At Kentish Town, in 1856, an artesian well was abandoned when the borings had reached 1,302 feet, no water having been met with, though a copious supply had been predicted from the lower green-sands nature is expected to occur immediately below the gault; but the gault was found to be succeeded by 176 feet of a series of clays, with intercalated sandstones and grits—a fact which set geologists pondering. The two wells for the Government Waterworks, Trafalgar Square, by C. E. Amos, C. E., were sunk in 1844, 300 feet and 400 feet deep, and cost nearly £8,000. At South Kensington there has been sunk and bored, for the supply of the Horticultural Gardens, a well 401 feet deep, and five feet clear in diameter, the bore-hole being 201 feet deep from the bottom of the well; water rises seventy-three feet in the shaft, the pumps lifting 144,000 gallons daily, of excellent chalk spring-water.

Doctor Buckland, the eminent geologist, one of the first to show the fallacy, states that, although there are from 250 to 300 so-called artesian wells in the metropolis, there is not one *real artesian* well within three miles of St. Paul's—such being a well that is always overflowing, either from its natural source or from an artificial tube; and when the overflowing ceases, it is no longer an artesian well. The wells which are now made by boring through the London clay are merely common wells. It has been said that a supply of water, if bored for, will rise of its own accord; but the water obtained for the fountains in Trafalgar Square does not rise within forty feet of the surface, and is pumped up by the means of a steam-engine—the same water over and over again.

Mr. Prestwich, Jr., F. G. S., in his "Geological Survey," considers "it difficult to account for the generally unfavorable opinion regarding artesian wells as a means of public supply, were it not that the annually decreasing yield of water from the tertiary sands and the chalk beneath London has produced an impression of uncertainty as to all such sources of supply; which, with the constantly increasing expense caused by the depth which the water has to be pumped, and the proportion of saline ingredients being so much greater in them than in the river waters, have been taken as sufficient grounds of objection. But it is to be observed, in explanation of the diminished supply from the present source, that the tertiary sands are of very limited dimensions; that the chalk is not a freely permeable deposit; and that the peculiar action of the saline ingredients depend upon the chemical composition of these formations. All these causes, however, are local, and can by no means be considered as grounds of objection against the system of artesian wells generally." Mr. Prestwich suggests a fresh system of artesian wells, especially as none have as yet been carried *through the chalk*; though it is shown that the conditions in England are more favorable than in France.

Arago was first to observe that the temperature of the water in artesian wells increases with their depth, due regard being paid to the mean temperature of the climate in which they may be bored. This fact has been considered an argument in favor of the interior heat of the earth. At Grenelle, the water brought up from the greatest depth has a constant temperature of 81° centesimal, or 178° Fahrenheit, while the mean temperature of the air in the cellar of the Paris Observatory is only fifty-three degrees. Mr. Walferdin has ascertained the temperature of two borings at Crouzot, within a mile of each other; commencing at a height of 1,030 feet above the sea, and going down to a depth, the one of 2,678 feet and the other about 900 feet. The results gave a rise of one degree of Fahrenheit for every fifty-five feet down to a depth of 1,800 feet; beyond this the rise of temperature was more rapid, being one degree of Fahrenheit for every forty-four feet of descent.

The water of the artesian well of Grenelle was found not to contain the heat by force of air; wherefore subterraneous waters ought to be aerated before being used for aliment. Accordingly, at Grenelle has been constructed a tower, from the top of which the water descends in innumerable threads, so as to present as much surface as possible to the air. The artesian wells of Grenelle and Passy now emit volumes of steam; the temperature of the waters, which rise from a depth of 1,800 feet, reaching eighty degrees of Fahrenheit, while that of the atmosphere at the surface by night is only thirty-five or thirty-six degrees.

Through the Heart of Japan.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK,

Author of "KNOW YOUR BOUNDS," "INVENTIVE DAN," "ORVILLE AND DAN," "DAN CRUMB AT HARVARD COLLEGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

[Continued from page 178.]

"ONE night, during a heavy fall of snow, when the whole world was hushed, and peaceful men were stretched in sleep upon their mats, the *ronins* attacked the *yashiki* of Kotsuke, and after killing all his men, were about to quit the place, when Oshi, laying his hands on the bedmat of the Daimio, felt that it was warm; whereupon he cried:

"'Our enemy is not far off! Search again!'

"After a long hunt they discovered Kotsuke, and dragging him forth, procured a lantern, which they held to his face, when Oshi, recognizing the Daimio, plunged his knife, as I have painted him, and, addressing the old man very respectfully, said:

"'My lord, we are the retainers of Asano Takumi-no-Kami. Last year your lordship and our master quarreled in the palace, and our lord was sentenced to *hara-kiri*, and his family and retainers were ruined. We, as in the duty of faithful and loyal men, have vowed to avenge his death, and are here to-night to humbly ask you to follow his noble example. I pray your lordship to acknowledge the justice of our purpose, and am willing to act as your second when you make the fatal cut. I will, with all humility, receive your last commands, and myself cut off your head, which we intend to place as an offering upon the grave of our beloved master.'"

"He was mighty civil, was he not?" chuckled Brackett. "Why did he not cut off his enemy's head and have done with it?"

"That would have been considered rude," answered Nami. "A noble Samurai like Oshi was too well-bred to insult a Daimio."

"But not too high-toned to abandon his wife and children, and go reeling about the streets," slyly observed Dan.

"Ah!" exclaimed the printer, "you forget he did that in order to avenge his lord. He was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Old Japan."

"I should say he was thoroughly soaked with sake," said Johnnie. "Well, friend Nami, what reply did the cowardly Kotsuke make? You have represented him as looking very funky."

Their host snickered, then continued his story, saying:

"Thus, in consideration of the high rank of Kotsuke, the *ronins* treated him with the greatest kindness, for ever and ever again respectfully and treated him to die like a noble, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, his lips trembled, his hands shook, and he crouched before them speechless."

"He appears to be in an awful stew," remarked Brackett, glancing at the painting. "Well, what did the *ronins* do—let him off?"

"Oh, no!" proudly answered Nami. "At last, finding it was in vain urging him to die the death of a nobleman, they forced him down, and Oshi cut off his head with the dirk that Takumi had used when he performed *hara-kiri*. Then the forty-seven, after having accomplished their design, placed the head in a bucket, and after carefully extinguishing the lights, departed.

"As they passed through the suburbs of Tokio on their way to Takanawa the day broke, and the people plodded out to see the heroes, who, with their blood-stained arms and garments, presented a terrible appearance, and every one praised them for their valor and faithfulness to the memory of their dead lord."

"How many of Kotsuke's men had they killed?" inquired Orville.

"Over two hundred!" admiringly answered Nami. "Ah, those were the times. We then had heroes in Nihon!"

"Butchers, you mean!" grinned Johnnie, poking Benkei in the side. "How say you, chum?"

"Heroes!" solemnly replied the doctor; "what a lot of post-mortems I could have held in those days!"

"Well!" inquired Don, smiling at his friend's professional remarks, "what did the *ronins* do with Kotsuke's head?"

"They washed it clean in the little well that you will see to-morrow," said Nami, "and placed it on the grave of Takumi-no-Kami; then Oshi and his brave companions engaged the bonzes to say prayers at the tomb, after which each *ronin* burnt a stick of incense before it, and Oshi, giving the *Daibons* all their money, said:

"'When we forty-seven men shall have performed *hara-kiri* I beg you to bury us decently. I rely upon your kindness. This is but a trifle, for we are all poor. Such as it is, expend it upon prayers for the good of our souls.'"

"Spitballs!" inquired Johnnie.

"No," snickered the artist. "Buddhist prayers for the dead! Your friend, Benkei, knows what I mean."

Ben bit his lips, but did not reply, so Johnnie nudged Nami and whispered:

"His head is still sore, but he is now a Shinto, so has forgotten his old dodges. Go ahead, friend; of course the *Dai*-bons toot the stamps!"

Nami guessed what he referred to, and said:

"Yes, he marveled at the faithful courage of the men, and with tears in his eyes pledged himself to carry out their wishes; and when the *ronins* were summoned to the Supreme Court, where the Governors of Yedo were assembled, the *Dai*-bozu privately sent the prisoners his blessing."

"That must have done them a lot of good," laughingly observed Brackett. "He ought to have returned their money, don't you think?"

Nami smiled and glanced at Benkei, significantly, replied:

"A bozu never gives back money. It is against his vows; is it not, friend Yuso?"

"I am sure I cannot say," calmly answered the doctor. "Things have changed since I was in the business."

The artist saluted him and said:

"Good, good. That is well put. You are no longer thin-skinned about your old profession. I was once a bonze."

"I thought as much," quietly observed Ben.

"Why? Because I am so fond of fun?" demanded Nami.

"No," replied the other; "because you are so little against them. I suppose you were *jo-jo-saru*" (dismissed with a kick).

This annoyed the artist, who, when quite a boy, had been expelled from the Order of Bonzes for making fun of the gods, and the pair might have come to high words had not Johnnie laughingly said:

"See here, friend Nami, your story is getting cold. How about the forty-seven *ronins*?"

"Excuse me," pleaded their host; "I forgot I had not ended my story. This was the sentence passed upon them by the governors and public censors:

"'Whereas, neither respecting the dignity of the city nor fearing the Government, you have leagued yourselves together to slay your late lord's enemy, and have, by night, violently broken into the house of the Daimio, Kira Kotsuke-no-Suke, and murdered him, the sentence of the court is that, for this audacious conduct, you perform *hara-kiri*.'

"When the sentence had been read, the forty-seven *ronins* were divided into four parties and handed over to the custody of the four Daimios; then sheriffs were sent with them to the palaces of those lords, and the forty-seven, in the presence of the said Daimios and sheriffs, did calmly and courageously open themselves and die like true Samurai, thus showing they possessed the Spirit of Old Japan.

"Their bodies were conveyed to Sengakuji and buried in front and at the sides and rear of their master's tomb; and when their fate became noised abroad, the people flocked out to pray at the graves of these faithful men."

"And that is *Yamato Damashi*, the Spirit of Old Japan, is it?" said Brackett. "I call it high-falutin' blood-thirstiness."

"That is the spirit which animates the ex-Samurai whom you shot in the eye with a spitball," gravely remarked Benkei. "I consider your life in danger. Do you not, Mr. Nami?"

"Yes," nodded the artist. "Of course you Tojin are as brave as tigers; still, you may lose your head."

"Honest?" asked Johnnie, turning slightly pale, for, spite of his joking, the story had made him feel somewhat nervous. "Of course that man I potted has no real cause of quarrel against me. He has forgotten it by this time."

"You ought to have learned better from the history of the forty-seven *ronins*," observed Dan. "That man will dog you everywhere."

"Yes," sighed Orville, "your line isn't worth ten cash, Johnnie, and all through your habit of fooling."

"Oh, you can't scare me," said Brackett, who could not avoid betraying anxiety. "You've agreed to put up this joke on me, and Nami has told that story to scare me from going to-morrow."

"I should be sorry to pile the jokes on to you in that manner," slyly answered the artist. "I do not think I could trick you thrice in one day."

"No, I doubt if you could," murmured Johnnie. "Now, *really*, do you believe that *ronin* means mischief?"

"I do," said Nami. "If you like, I will lend you a book containing a thousand stories just as horrible as those I have told. Once a *ronin* ex-Samurai vows to take your head, you are as good as a dead man."

"Oh, go along," nervously laughed the young fellow; "you can't scare me, my friend."

Nami quitted the room in order to procure the volume, and while he was away Benkei said:

"You had better return home in the *Great Republic*, chum. Our host is right. These *ronins* care for neither law nor order, and know if they succeed in killing their enemy that the people will look upon them as heroes."

"Shoo!" ejaculated Brackett; "I am not going to be alarmed by bogy stories. I can take care of myself."

"You will not have a chance," remarked Dan. "He'll come sneaking up behind you like the one did to me at Kikunoko, and off will go your head."

"Yes," said Nami, returning to the room with a large, light volume, "your friend is right. The *ronin* will take you when you least expect it. Then—scesh! and your head is on the ground."

"My goodness!" gasped Johnnie; "I think this is a real mean country. That fellow can't understand a joke."

"Can you?" quietly asked Nami.

"Yes, of course I can. That is, anything in reason," answered the alarmed wag. "See here, boys," glancing round at his chums—"you're fooling, are you not?"

"I'm not!" solemnly replied Orville.

"Neither am I," said Dan. "You've brought this upon yourself, Brack!"

"Do you think so, Mortimer?" pleaded Johnnie, as he received the book from Nami. "You don't imagine there will be any more trouble with that case, eh?"

"I wouldn't be in your place for a billion dollars!" said Don. "You've got into a nice pickle through your love of practical joking."

"Boys!" he cried, rising to his feet, "I'll never put up another gag on a native!"

"What, never?" solemnly inquired Benkei.

"Oh, pshaw!" snapped Brackett; "this is a case of life and death, and I don't want any Pinafore nonsense. I ain't scared so badly as you think, and won't go home until I have some proof of that lunatic following me."

As he uttered these words "bash" went one of the paper windows, and in flew a stone, wrapped about with paper.

The so frightened Johnnie that he started, and exclaimed:

"What's that?"

Nami, who looked as terrified as any of them, picked up the missive, while some one in the grounds cried:

"*Ji-no Tosin! Oyaki wagu te ni ataru.*"

(Look out, foreigner! After a victory knock the cords of your helmet!)

This was a saying of Iyeyasu, and is now used when enjoining caution upon any one who is too daring and despises a foe.

Nami unrolled the paper from about the stone, and having hastily read it, said:

"Ah, you are warned! You must not go to the Senga-kuji with us to-morrow."

"What does it say?" asked Brackett, who trembled like an aspen leaf. "My gracious, you're not putting up a joke on me, are you?"

"Listen," said the artist, solemnly, then he read what was written on the paper:

"*To the Foreign Excellency, Professor John Brackett:*

"MY LORD: In throwing the spitball you only acted in accordance with the practice of you foreigners, who have, by your presence and magic arts, defiled our beloved country and poisoned the mind of the Tenno. I am following you like a shadow, and will never cease to ride again until I have taken your life. Your excellency cannot escape me! I have vowed to place your head upon the grave of Asano Takumi-no-Kami, in the cemetery of the forty-seven *ronins*, at Takanawa. This is a respectful notice from

A RONIN EX-SAMURAI."

"My land!" moaned Johnnie, turning to Benkei. "And you call this a civilized country? I think your government ought to be ashamed of itself for letting its subjects go roaming about in that bloodthirsty, senseless fashion, threatening folks with decapitation!"

"Our government is as good as yours," quickly responded Benkei. "It has done more than yours ever did—disarmed its bullies. We have made it a crime for a Samurai to carry a sword, and our laws mean something. In the States men wear revolvers in their hip-pockets and shoot one another at the slightest provocation."

"That's so," nodded Orville.

"Yes, old chum, you're right," said Dan.

"See here, Brack," quietly remarked Don Mortimer, "you're in a hole. After knowing what you do about the Spirit of Old Japan, prudence dictates that you should no longer risk your life in this country. I, for one, shall hate to lose your company, but do not desire to have to send you home in a patent casket."

"That's so," observed Benkei. "We all like you first-rate, chum, but think you are running a terrible risk in remaining here."

Johnnie wiped the cold perspiration from his brow and said to Nami: "You're not trying to scare me by way of a joke, are you?"

"Do you for a moment imagine I should be guilty of such a thing?" calmly responded the artist. "My friend, that *ronin* has, like a true Samurai, respectfully warned you. He will keep his word, as sure as bees lay eggs."

"The *Great Republic* sails on Wednesday," said Ben. "Under the circumstances, I have no doubt but that the captain will permit you to embark to-morrow. That *ronin* has the true spirit of Old Japan, and will never let up on you."

"You don't say so," tartly answered Johnnie, who knew full well why Benkei wished to get rid of him. "Well, I'm not going home, and as for that *ronin*, if he tries any more of his little games on me, I'll show him I have the true spirit of Young America! It shall never be said that I turned my back upon my enemy!"

(To be continued.)

"Through the Heart of Japan" was commenced in No. 471.

SECOND SIGHT,

AS PRACTICED BY ROBERT HELLER, EXPLAINED.

ARTICLES IN SETS.

IT will be seen that the different articles are arranged in sets, numbering no more than ten. Each set has at the head a different question, worded very nearly alike, so as to make the audience believe that the same question is being constantly asked. The question at the head of the set, which is always asked first, is the clue to the set which contains the article to be described. Each set is numbered, as in the cases of the colors and metals, and the word conveys each particular article.

For the first set the question is:

"What article is this?"

This gives the clue to ten distinct articles. The next demand may be: "Can you tell?"

—which would be the solution for "bag," it being the third in the list.

"Say the fabric."

—the reply would be silk, that being the first in the line of fabrics, and as I have before stated, "Say" representing No. 1. If a leather-bag, it would be

"Will you tell the fabric?"

"Will" standing for No. 4. A handkerchief is presented, and the question is, "What article is this? Say," which explains that it is a handkerchief, as that is the first article in the list. "Can you tell the fabric?" "Cotton," cotton standing third in the list of fabrics. Then, again, if you want the color, say it is blue. "Can't you tell the color?" "Blue," which stands third on the list of colors.

A watch embodies a greater number of questions than almost any other article, if you want to describe it fully. It is the first in the second set, the key of which is—

"What is this?"

We will will say that it is a lady's gold watch, double case, three hands, made by Tobias, No. 9,725, the initials from L. C. to C. H. engraved on the case, the year 1860, and blue enameled, set with five diamonds. This is a complex question, and must be put and answered as follows:

Question. "What is this, say?"

Answer. "A watch."

Q. "Say the metal?"

A. "Gold."

Q. "Say to whom it belongs?"

A. "A lady."

Q. "Yes?"

A. "A double case."

Q. "Can you tell the number of hands?"

A. "Three."

Q. "Will you tell the maker?"

A. "Tobias."

Q. "Now, the number?"

A. "Please tell me?"

Q. "Be quick?"

A. "Won't you?"

A. "9,725."

Q. "Can you tell me the color of this enamel?"

A. "Blue."

Q. "Tell the initials?"

A. "Say?"

A. "B. C."

Q. "Say to whom?"

A. "I want to know."

Q. "C. H."

Q. "Say these stones?"

A. "Diamonds."

Q. "Will you tell how many?"

A. "Five."

If it is a double case the simple word "yes" conveys the intelligence, after "to whom it belongs." If an open case, the word "well" is used.

(To be continued.)

Rob Rollalong, the Runaway.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARKAWAY" AND "SIX LIGHT-HEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

WHILE Rob and Kedge were talking together, Vangs returned from the funeral of Captain Spike, wearing a black coat and hat of the same color.

He had become a proprietor of real estate, and wished to impress the neighbors with his respect for appearances.

The recognition between him and the boys was mutual.

"Lock," said Kedge. "There's Vangs."

"I see him," answered Rob. "What's he doing here?"

"Not knowing, can't say," replied Kedge. "But I'm betting he's up to no good."

"That's as true as you live," said Rob.

Vangs approached, and appeared as astonished as the boys were, for he thought he had left Rob for dead on the sea-shore.

"Why, Rob," he said, "I'm glad to see you so well. You—you weren't quite yourself the last time we met."

"No thanks to you," said Rob, coolly. "But when you said there was death in my hand, you knew you gave me six years to live, and of course you couldn't go back on your own prediction. If you could, you'd have hit me harder, I guess."

"No, no," Vangs hastened to say. "It was all a mistake. I was very sorry for it; but, the fact is, Captain Spike made me do it."

"Made you?"

"Yes."

"You didn't appear to want much making?"

"Indeed I did. I am weak and foolish sometimes. Anybody who knows me well will tell you that I am easily led. Don't say anything more about it, for it was all Spike's doing."

"Indeed!" said Rob, incredulously.

"Fact, I assure you; but we won't say anything against the dead."

"Who's dead?" asked Rob and Kedge, in a breath.

"Why, Spike is."

"How did he die?" inquired Rob.

"Went out bathing, and got seized with the cramps. He sank, but we recovered his body, and he was buried to-day."

"Got drowned?" said Rob.

"Yes; worse luck."

A form appeared from among the trees, and a voice exclaimed:

"You know you lie."

Vangs turned round quickly.

No one was to be seen.

"What did you say?" cried Vangs, with a start.

"You're not too old to lie," continued the voice. Vangs drew a pistol and fired a shot in the direction from which the voice proceeded.

A peal of derisive, mocking laughter was the only answer he received.

"That's Soft Tommy's voice," said Rob. "I know him well."

"So do I," said Vangs; "and if I come across him, I'll break a stick over his back, and don't you forget it."

"Oh! nobody takes any notice of him," said Rob. "He's off his nut, poor fellow; we all know him and let him do and say what he likes."

"Let him rip, then," replied Vangs; "my business is with you. Let bygones be bygones, Rob, and you and I'll be friends."

"Very good," said Rob; "I don't want to bear malice."

"What are you doing here?"

"Mrs. Elliott's a relation of mine."

"Oh! indeed. Then you know Hattie—that is to say, Hattie Elliott?"

Rob looked angrily at him.

"I don't know how long you have been down here," he said; "but you seem to have got her name fast enough."

"I am boarding in the house, but I leave to-night."

"Glad to hear it."

"Is she your sweetheart?" asked Vangs.

"That's none of your business. We grew up together. If you want to know any more, ask her."

"Don't be jealous," said Vangs, with a hypocritical smile. "We have agreed to forget the past, haven't we?"

"Yes."

"Shake hands, then, and call it square."

With evident reluctance Rob took his hand and grasped it, but not heartily.

"Now, Kedge, old shipmate, it's your turn," said Vangs.

"Not if I know it."

"You won't shake?"

"No. I don't want to have anything to do with you. Keep yourself to yourself," replied Kedge.

Vangs shrugged his shoulders and walked away in high dudgeon, though he did not deem it prudent to say anything.

"It's unfortunate these young dogs should turn up as they have," he muttered. "But I must keep in with them, or they may be troublesome. That young Rob ran away from home. I wonder what was the cause? If I ask Hattie she will tell me. I'll do it."

He walked into the house, and saw the widow Elliott.

"Good-evening, sir," she exclaimed. "Are you going to leave us?"

"Yes," he replied. "I have bought the Dell House. We shan't be far apart. You must let Hattie bring over all the eggs you have to spare."

"Certainly; they shall be kept for you," answered the widow, adding: "The Dell House is a nice property, sir."

"Very, in spite of its evil reputation; but I'm not afraid of ghosts."

"Nor I, sir."

"How would you like to live there, widow?" asked Vangs.

"I, sir! You are joking."

"Not in the least. Between you and I and the post, I want a wife, and if I could find one about here, I'm a marrying man."

Mrs. Elliot was at a loss to understand his meaning, and she said so.

"Ah! pshaw!" said Vangs; "a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse, widow. You've got a daughter. Are her affections engaged?"

"Not that I'm aware of, sir. Hattie's never been out sparking with any fellow, to my knowledge."

"Well, if Hattie could like me, I could like her."

"She's so young, sir."

"No matter. Do we understand one another?" asked Vangs.

"Yes; I think I understand you now, sir," replied the widow.

"Have I your permission to court Hattie? She might do better, no doubt; and then again she might do worse."

"Yes, sir. I should have no objection, and I thank you for being so fair and straightforward with me."

"Oh! it's my way," replied Vangs. "Nothing underhand or mean about me. There's a fifty-dollar bill, widow."

"What for, sir?"

"My board."

"I haven't change in the house, sir."

"No matter. Keep it all."

"But the bill isn't nearly so much."

"Never mind that. "It is yours," said Vangs, with a wave of the hand befitting a grand signor.

"How can I thank you, sir?" exclaimed the widow, joyfully.

It was not often that she received so much money, and she was grateful in proportion to the amount, being all the more so as it was totally unexpected.

"I'm off to my new abode now. Good-night, widow. Can I send my man around for my things?"

"Whenever you like, sir."

"Ah!" exclaimed Vangs, "here's my little Hattie. Hush about what I said. Come, Hattie, my dear, will you walk with me to the Dell House?"

"If mamma will let me," replied Hattie.

"Yes, my dear, you may go; but hurry back. Put on your hat."

"Oh, I don't want any hat to go there," answered Hattie.

They passed out of the cottage together, much to the annoyance of Rob, who did not like to see his old sweetheart with a man like Vangs.

"Where are you off to, Hattie?" he asked.

"None of your business, Rob," she replied.

"Oh, it there is a secret about it——" he began.

Vangs interrupted him.

"Not at all," he said. "Hattie's just going to walk to the Dell House with me. She'll be back soon. I'm living there. Want you and Kedge to come and see me. You can have the run of the ship."

"Thank you; I'll see about it," answered Rob, dryly.

He turned and went into the cottage with Kedge. Mrs. Elliott was getting supper ready for them, and had already looked out the sheets for their bed, and she told them that they might make her cottage their home for a week or more if they were so disposed.

We must leave them there, while we follow Vangs and Hattie to the Dell House.

"How did you know Rob Rollalong?" inquired Hattie.

"He sailed in the same ship with me," replied Vangs.

"Is that so?"

"Why, certainly; we were wrecked together. Tell me, why did he leave home?"

"I don't know why he left his home," said Hattie.

"There must have been something wrong about it, eh?"

"I guess so."

"Where does he live?"

"Over in Amboy."

"South Amboy?"

"No; Perth Amboy. His father's got a house there. He's an oysterman."

"Are you well acquainted with the family?" asked Vangs.

"Oh, yes," replied Hattie.

"Go over to-morrow, will you, and find out why the boy left his home? I take quite an interest in him, and I should like to give him a good character and reconcile him with his parents, if I could."

"I'll do it early to-morrow," replied Hattie.

"That's a good girl," replied Vangs.

He did not care a straw for Rob, as we know, but he wanted to find out all his private affairs if he could, and get him into his power.

That was his only object in sending Hattie over to Amboy.

Hattie left him at the foot of the stoop, and he called her back.

"Won't you kiss me good-night, dear?" he said.

"No," replied Hattie, blushing.

"Why not?"

"It isn't right."

"Yes, it is," exclaimed Vangs, and he seized her arm, and drawing her to him, imprinted a kiss on her ruby lips.

"Oh!" she exclaimed; "you have no right to do that!"

"Some day I hope to have the right," he replied.

Hattie ran away; but she did not scold him.

"She is mine!" said Vangs to himself, triumphantly. "I'm not afraid of that little guttersnipe, Rob Rollalong."

When he went to bed that night, he placed a revolver by the side of the lamp on his bedroom table, and he kept the light burning all night.

But the ghosts did not trouble him.

Strange to say, however, the old couple he had hired, by name Bardes, were much alarmed by peculiar noises, and they declared they saw shadowy forms in their room.

Vangs uttered a curse, and gave them a pistol, telling them to fire if the noises were heard or the forms seen again.

But they were not seen again, and the ghost appeared not to like pistols.

CHAPTER XII.

TREACHERY IN THE CAMP.

EARLY the next morning, the two boys, thanks to their sea-training and good country habits, were up by times.

The clock had just struck five when Kedge ascended the stairs, and opening the front door, looked out on the dew-spangled grass, heard the merry birds twitter in the trees, and saw the rising sun struggling through the gray eastern clouds.

Rob had heard him move, and was out after him in a minute.

"What's the game, Kedge?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

"I'm going down to the coast to have a sailing."

"A dip in the sea will just suit me," said Rob.

"That's rhyme. Wish before you speak again."

"All right; I have."

"What did you wish?"

"That the devil might fly away with old Vangs, and that Hattie would not look so sweet on him, and that old Brewster, over at Amboy, may have forgotten all about the hit on the head I gave him, and——"

"Hold on there!" interrupted Kedge. "You mustn't wish more than one thing, or it won't come out right."

"Won't it?"

"No; of course it won't. You rattle on like a Connecticut peddler who wants to sell his hickory nutmegs or cedar hams, or a lightning-rod man, or the drummer for a sewing-machine factory, or a Newark hat-firm, or——"

"Here, I say!" cried Rob, in his turn. "Who's piling it up now? Easy there, customer!"

Kedge laughed.

"One's as bad as t'other," he said.

"And twice as homely," said Rob.

"That must be you, then, for all the girls call me a good-looking fellow."

"Do you want any one to blow your horn, Kedge?"

"No, thank you. That's an accomplishment I pride myself on," was the answer. "But step out and let's have one swim. We shall get back nicely to breakfast."

They walked through the wood and to the sea, Rob being guide, as he knew every inch of the way, being as familiar with it from childhood in his visits to his aunt.

Going to the beach, which was sandy and shelving, fringed with shady trees, and a perfect little gem of a beach in its way, they enjoyed a swim, got out, ran about till they were dry, plunged in again, duelled one another, and finally returned, with an appetite, to breakfast.

"Isn't this built?" said Kedge, whose face glowed with health and youthful vigor.

"I'll bet you?" replied Rob.

"I wonder how fellows can stay in the city and smoke pipes and drink beer and loaf around saloons, when they can enjoy themselves in the country?"

"Many can't get out of towns."

"That's so; but here we are and here we'll stay a while—eh, Rob?"

"If Vangs will let us," said Rob, a cloud coming over his face.

"Oh! he be—well, I won't swear. It's too beautiful a morning to say anything bad. It seems like insulting nature and flying in God's face. Nature kinder rebuked me just then, when I had a bad word on the tip of my tongue."

"Say let him rip, eh?"

"That'll do just as well, and expresses my meaning, though it don't quite let the steam off."

"I can't afford to let Vangs slide," said Rob.

"Why not, mate?"

"I've got to watch him, or he'll work me some injury."

"How can he do that, Robby? He don't know about your mess with old Brewster, over to Amboy."

"No; but he may find out."

"Not he. We've got him in a soft place if he attempts anything mean with you, because we can squeal about the burning of the *Armanda*."

"Who'll believe us, Kedge?"

"Why, the insurance people."

"Not they," answered Rob, whose head was remarkably clear for a boy of his age. "Mr. Sargoe stands high; nothing's known against Vangs; Captain Spike's dead, and——"

"It's my opinion," broke in Kedge, "that Vangs killed him."

Suddenly, a weird, elfin laugh startled them.

It made the woods ring again.

Ha, ha, ha! he, he, he! ho, ho, ho!

At one moment it seemed quite clear, at another it appeared to be far distant. But this was owing to the peculiar echo possessed by the woods.

"What in the name of thunder's that?" said Kedge.

"Blest if I know," replied Rob.

"Air these woods haunted?"

"Not that I know of; though they say the Dell House, where Vangs has gone to live, is full of spirits."

"Rum, I guess."

"No: real ghosts—spirits from the other world."

"Spirits from bosh and humbug," said Kedge. "No, my hearty, that won't wash with an able-bodied seaman."

"What is to be?"

"It's exceedingly thin, young fellow," said Kedge, whose hard, practical head was too thick to allow the idea of ghosts to penetrate it."

"Just as you say. Have your own way," replied Rob. "You're the most obstinate, pig-headed fellow ever I knew."

At this juncture a form stepped from behind a tree.

"Don't quarrel about me," it said. "I laughed. It was me made that noise. That's my laugh. Don't you know it, Rob Rollalong?"

"Why, flash my buttons, I oughter," replied Rob. "But, you see, Tommy, I've been away in a ship on the stormy ocean, and I've come back with deep devotion, as the song says, to my lady-love, only to find that she's flopped her young affections on one who ain't deserving of them. Ain't it horrid?"

The new-comer was Soft Tommy, the "wild wee keiple" of the woodland.

"I guess Hattie's a good girl, Rob," he replied, "and her heart's in the right place, for there's always a bite and sup for Tommy, such as it is, though they've been sore pushed, like the rest of the poor folks, during Winter."

"Who's this, anyway?" asked Kedge.

"That's Tommy, and everybody knows him about here."

"Give you my full name," said the boy. "I'm called Soft Tommy, because there's something wantin' here."

He tapped his forehead significantly.

"Sometimes I feel all good, and well, and clear," he continued; "others, I'm cloudy, like as I was in a fog. That's my bad times, and I misremember things, I do."

"What made you burst out laughin,' Tommy?" inquired Rob.

"'Cos you bit the thing so pat."

"What thing? I don't quite understand you."

"About Vangs and Captain Spike. You said as you believed he was killed, and so he was."

"How?" asked Rob, eagerly.

"I saw Vangs kill him when he was bathing. Spike was struck by a stone Vangs fired at him, and he sank in ten feet of water. They say he'd the cramp, and got drowned bathin'. Tommy knows better. I saw it all, I tell you, and I've got Spike's clothes, but Vangs took all the stamps out first."

"Robbed and murdered him—eh?"

"That's what I call it, but the coroner didn't find it so."

"Why didn't you appear?"

"What's the use?" said Tommy. "Who'd have believed anything Soft Tommy said? Well, good-by, lads. I'll get even with Vangs yet. I don't like him for a cent."

The strange boy smiled in his peculiar, half-witted fashion, and disappeared among the trees as suddenly as he had come.

"Vangs is a nice fellow," said Kedge. "He gets nicer every day. But do you think there is any truth in what Tommy said?"

"Certainly I do," answered Rob.

"Shall we round on him?"

"Not yet," said Rob. "Let me see if we can't get a chain of evidence about him, and then we can rush in and destroy him."

"All right. That's the kind of a fishball I am," replied Kedge.

Returning to the cottage, they found breakfast ready for them, and Hattie, who had taken hers, dressed as if to go out.

"Come and have your breakfast, Robbie," said Mrs. Elliott. "Will you take eggs and bacon, or shall I cook you ham and your friend a chop?"

"That's good enough for me, ma'am," answered Kedge.

"Same here, aunt: thank you," replied Rob.

He looked at Hattie as he spoke, and wondered where she was going to.

"Say, Hattie," said Mrs. Elliott, "you'll mind and be back early."

"I'll be on hand for dinner, mother," she replied.

Rob got up from the table and followed her out of the house.

"Hattie!" he ejaculated.

She turned round sharply, as if startled, and there was a look of displeasure on her face.

"What do you want to follow me like a little dog for?" she demanded.

"I'm not a dog, Hattie; I'm your friend," he replied, quietly.

"I ought to feel very much flattered, I'm sure."

"Oh, no. You needn't try to be satirical, because it doesn't become you. Will you tell me where you are going?"

"If I don't, I suppose mother will."

"To Perth?" he queried, his heart thumping against his ribs.

"Yes, to Amboy; and if you keep me standing here talking I shall lose the cars."

"Let me walk with you?"

"What for?"

"Because I want to talk to you."

"Oh, well," she said, rather petulantly, "if you insist upon it, I guess you will have to come along."

He placed himself by her side, and they walked quickly toward the depot at Rugheneot.

It was easy to see that Hattie was much annoyed at his presence.

All her girlish affection for her cousin seemed to have vanished since she had made the acquaintance of Vangs.

"You'll see father and mother at Amboy," said Rob.

"Of course I shall. I'm going to visit them."

"Has Vangs sent you?"

"What business of yours is it if Mr. Vangs has—that is, if he—— Good land, Rob! What a worry and tease you are! Of course Mr. Vangs has other things of more importance to think of. Why should a boy like you occupy his thoughts?"

"He *has* other things to think about—things you do not guess at," replied Rob. "But I'll open your eyes if it should ever be necessary for me to do so. Will you do me one favor?"

"What is it?"

Rob hesitated a moment, as if he was doubtful how to frame his request.

"Hurry up," she continued. "I've no time to lose."

"Don't tell either father or mother that I'm at Aunt Elliott's."

"Why not?" she said, turning her eyes searchingly upon him.

"Because I ran away from home for—for——"

"What!"

"Well, I dare say you'll hear all about it when you get over there; only don't let on about my being here. We used to be good friends, Hattie, and there was never anything mean about you in the old days. You might do a fellow a good turn if it comes in your way."

"I hope you didn't do anything wrong or disgraceful, Rob," she said.

"Not I. That's not me," he replied, proudly. "What I did was in self-defense. Will you promise?"

He seized her arm and held it tightly.

The whistle of the engine was heard, and Hattie struggled to get free.

"Will you promise?" he repeated.

"Yes, yes; I'll promise anything if you'll only let me go," she replied.

"Honor bright?"

"Oh, yes. Leave go, Rob."

He was forced to be satisfied with this reluctantly given promise, and releasing his hold of his former sweetheart's arm, she ran to the depot, which was not far off, and was just in time to be helped on the train by Ben, the jolly conductor of the S. I. R.

Rob went back to his breakfast, and, somehow, he had lost his appetite, and he felt as if some misfortune were going to happen him.

He ate a little, drank some coffee, and went out on the stoop, where he was joined by Kedge.

"Cheer up," said the latter. "You're like the cow's tongue to-day—rather down in the mouth."

"I'm afraid I'll get copped for that affair in Amboy," replied Rob. "Let's cut and run."

"Where?" said Kedge.

"Get a ship and go to sea again."

"I'm ready for that," replied Kedge, "though I'd have liked to have had a spell ashore. Let's go out fishing to-day, and to-morrow we'll bum around South Street and see what we can find."

"All right," replied Rob, wearily.

Meanwhile, Hattie had reached Amboy, and made her way to the cottage in which Mr. and Mrs. Rollalong lived.

She pretended ignorance of Bob's having left home, and inquired for him.

Mr. Rollalong immediately got up and left the house, as if the subject was a disagreeable one to him, and likely to bring on him reproaches from his wife.

"That's just like him," said Mrs. Rollalong. "Whenever poor Rob's name's mentioned he takes himself off."

"How's that, auntie?" asked Hattie.

"You see, Rob's left his home."

"Since when?"

"Oh, nigh upon a month now, and he's never written to him. We suppose he's gone to sea, though we can't be sure, and it makes my heart grow sad when I think of him."

"What caused him to go away like that?" said Hattie.

"Well, the poor boy wasn't to blame," answered the fond mother, with all a mother's weakness for her child. "He got into a mess with Brewster about stealing some cherries. Brewster set the dog on him, and Rob, trying to keep the dog off his throat, stabbed Brewster in the side."

"Is he dead?"

"Oh, no. He's well again now; but he swears he'll be revenged on Rob, and send him up to the school-ship if ever he sets his foot again in Perth Amboy, and he's just the ugly man to keep his word. I wish I could see him, though I'd rather have him a sailor than see him in the school-ship."

"So would I," replied Hattie.

She treasured up this information, and armed with it, hastened back to the island to communicate the news to Vangs, who was anxiously awaiting her return.

With the importance of a new landed proprietor, he was stalking around his grounds at the Dell House, giving various orders to his gardener.

He was as pleased as a child with a new toy.

Looking up, he saw Soft Tommy on the lawn, and being full against allowing trespassers on his grounds, he waved his hand and ordered him off.

He had no reason to like Tommy, for the boy knew too much about him, and Vangs had not forgotten that terrible moment after Spike's death when the lad confronted him and openly accused him of his crime.

"What are you doing here? Be off!" exclaimed Vangs. "I won't have you on my grounds!"

"I'm looking at the color of it, boss," replied Tommy, with a vacant air.

"What is it?" inquired Vangs, somewhat perplexed.

"Your ground. Red! blood-red! There's blood on every blade of grass, just the same as there is on your hands! Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he! Ho! ho! ho!"

Vangs felt his flesh creep as he heard this unearthly laugh; but dismissing the temporary sensation of supernatural fear to which he was, as a rule, unaccustomed, he exclaimed, angrily:

"You half-witted cuss, clear out of my ranch, or I'll sting your shoulders with a whipping you will not forget for a week!"

"You can't do it!" said Tommy, in an aggravating tone. "You ain't got enough muscle in your whole body to whip Tommy!"

"Haven't I? Wait a bit—we'll see!"

"I'll bet yer!" exclaimed Tommy, not moving a foot from where he was standing.

Vangs tore down a switch from a maple-tree, and made a sudden dash at the boy, who, seeing he was in earnest, tried to fly.

He would have escaped easily enough, for he was fleet of foot, had not his foot caught in a line with which the gardener was measuring out a space for a flower-bed, as Hattie had said she loved flowers dearly, and Vangs was determined to cultivate them for her sake.

Scarcely had Tommy risen to his feet than the hand of the tormentor was laid on his shoulder.

It slid up till it caught the collar of his jacket, and then "Whish!"

Down came the stick on the shoulders and legs without mercy until the bark came off the maple; strips were torn from the ragged clothes, disclosing crimson weals on the white skin.

But Tommy didn't utter a sound.

He wriggled and twisted until he got out of Vangs's tired grasp.

His hand sought his pocket; he drew a clasp-knife, opened the blade, which he was fond of sharpening on a flat stone by the beach, operating on it only that morning, and, with murder in his eyes, he plunged it into the groin of his opponent.

"Little viper! what have you done!" exclaimed Vangs, staggering.

Tommy withdrew the blade, all covered with the steaming hot blood, and made a dart at the man's leg. This time Vangs fell on his knees, moaning.

He would never walk straight again, for he was hamstrung.

That last blow had severed the tendons of his leg, and he groaned in agony.

So maddened was Tommy with the pain he was suffering, and the unprovoked attack Vangs had made upon him, that he would have stabbed him again and again, had not the gardener come up and taken the knife from him by a sudden snatch.

He would have done so before, but the whole affair was so sudden that the mischief occurred, and the interval was so short that he had no opportunity.

"Lemme go!" screamed Tommy, who was now beside himself with passion. "What have you to do with it? I'll cut his liver out!"

"No, you won't, Tommy. You've done enough for this time!" replied Bardes, the gardener.

"Lemme go, I say!" repeated Tommy, struggling furiously.

"You'll go to jail; that's where you'll go."

"What for? Had he any right to whip me so?"

"Anyway, you mustn't cut people with knives."

"By thunder!" cried Tommy, "I'll make you sick!"

He managed to get his teeth down to the gardener's hand, and he bit him like a horse, his teeth meeting in the flesh and drawing blood.

"Oh, Jerusalem the golden!" exclaimed the gardener, who was a Presbyterian, and didn't swear. "Oh, such trials! oh such tribulations!"

Again Tommy bit him badly.

He let him go because he could not hold him, and looking ruefully at his lacerated hand, exclaimed: "If this ain't a hard way of serving the Lord!"

Tommy made the best use of his liberty, and still smarting severely, "scooted" into the woods, where he had many a cave and hiding-place in which he could lie secure and defy the pursuit of the sheriff and his posse.

But Tommy did not think that Vangs would prosecute him. He knew too much about him.

The half-witted boy had some sound practical common sense.

He knew he was regarded as partially insane, and that insane people were not held accountable for their actions.

Therefore he argued that they would only shut him up in an asylum, where he would be cared for.

In the hard, cruel, biting Winter, Tommy would have liked this well enough.

But in the pleasant, gladsome Summer time, he preferred the leafy glades of the woods, and he went away and hid himself.

Secure in one of his caves, he first cursed himself over his hurts, which began to smart and ache.

Then he laughed and gloated over the sufferings of Vangs, and he did not care for his hurts as he thought of how he punished his tormentor.

Vangs was more injured than even Tommy supposed.

The wound in the groin was dangerous, for he had severed an artery.

They put him to bed, and two doctors came to attend to him.

It was their decision that he would have to remain in bed for some weeks, and when he got up, he could only be able to hobble along on crutches.

ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.—"BUT, AFTER SOME STEADY GAZING, THIS IS WHAT HE SAW: A MAN SITTING ON THE GROUND, WELL DRESSED, THE BLOOD TRICKLING DOWN HIS FOREHEAD AND LEFT CHEEK FROM A WOUND."—SEE PAGE 187.

The tendons of the leg were cut, and he would never again have the use of it.

This was a great blow to Vangs, for he was in the prime of manhood, and in the full heyday of his strength.

He groaned and fretted and foamed, and was half crazy with rage when Hattie came to the Dell House, and found Mr. and Mrs. Bardes half beside themselves with confusion.

The gardener was red in the face with vexation of spirit.

He was struggling with the flesh and the devil, wanting to swear to relieve his feelings; but he dare not, so he abused his wife instead, and she was in the act of beating him with a broom when Hattie came in sight of the house.

Bardes ran to meet her.

"Whatever is the matter?" said Hattie. "Are you all crazy?"

"Goin' on that way, miss," replied Bardes.

"Can't you explain yourself?"

"A woman, miss, is like a flower," exclaimed the gardener, who was a bit of a philosopher in his way.

"How is that?"

"Speak kindly to her, and buy her all she wants, and she resembles an azalea which has been out in the sun and puts out all its tender blossoms."

"And if not?"

"Speak crossly to her, and say you won't give her any money to go to the drygoods store, and she withers up and wilts like a geranium after a frost."

"Is that so?" asked Hattie, seeing it was necessary to humor him if she wanted to get any intelligence out of him.

"Yes, miss; I don't know whether anybody has said this before," replied the gardener: "but it occurred strongly to me just now when I quitted the house, after my wife had beaten me with the broom, fired half a brick at me, and told the dog to go for the calf of my leg."

"Will you tell me what this is all about?" cried Hattie.

In a roundabout manner Bardes related what had happened, and Hattie was much concerned to hear that the man she had begun to take an interest in had been seriously injured.

Mrs. Bardes, who had calmed down a little after playing a loose hand in a faint, and having some hysterics all to herself, conducted her to the sick man's room.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Vangs, to see this!" she exclaimed.

"You can't be more so than I am," replied Vangs.

"It may not be so serious as you imagine."

"It can't be much worse. I am a cripple for life."

"For life!"

Hattie echoed this as if she were horror-stricken. A bitter smile spread itself over the sufferer's face.

"I knew you would hate and despise me when you knew that I had to go about on crutches, and would never have the use of my leg again."

"Oh! how greatly you mistake me!" she replied.

"Can you still have any regard for me?"

"How can I blame you for what is not your fault?"

"My dear child, do you think you could ever love a cripple?" asked Vangs.

This was a home question to put to Hattie, but she did not flinch from answering it.

She pitied Vangs, and pity, if not love, is akin to it.

"Yes, I could," replied Hattie. "Don't say anything more to me now of that kind, please. It is not the time for it. Let me see what I can do to alleviate your sufferings."

"Send for an officer and have that wild boy arrested," replied Vangs.

"Arrest Tommy?"

"Why, certainly. Nothing will do me so much good as that. Let me see him on the way to punishment, and——"

"Just think a moment," interrupted Hattie. "You brought it all on yourself, from what I hear."

"I did?"

"Yes, indeed. You knew the boy was soft, and not responsible for his actions."

"Well, go on. I see you are all against me."

"Justice before vengeance, Mr. Vangs," replied Hattie. "I am strictly impartial. All the people would say would be, serve you right, because you shouldn't have whipped him; and as for Tommy, they will shut him up in the madhouse. I think I should not stir in the matter."

"I'll let it stand over," he said, reflectively.

"That is sensible."

"Let us change the subject. Oh! there was a twinge in my leg. Don't get up. It's over now, and it it wasn't, you couldn't do anything for it. Those things have got to have their course," continued Vangs, petulantly.

"You wish to know about Amboy?"

"Yes. Why did Rob Rollalong leave his home?"

Vangs's face began to display a little interest again.

Hattie told him all about the cherry-stealing affair, and the disastrous conclusion which attended it.

"You see," she added, "that Rob was a little nervous about stabbing Mr. Brewster, not knowing how the wound might end."

"Quite so."

"He ran away, and——"

"I know the rest," said Vangs. "Thank you for your trouble. Where does this Mr. Brewster live?"

"Somewhere in Amboy. I don't know where, exactly."

"Is he well known?"

"Fortnightly."

"Thank you again," said Vangs. "Will you ask your mother to let me have you come and nurse me a little occasionally?"

"I will."

"This sickness is going to be a long spell, I guess, and I feel low and nervous enough about it already."

"Mother will come with me, I'm sure. You have been so kind to us already that she could not refuse you anything."

"Tell her," said Vangs, "that she needn't trouble herself about the rent of the cottage. I'll let it run on to the end of the year."

"I'll give her your message, and much obliged, Mr. Vangs," answered Hattie.

"Mr. Vangs! My name's Valentine. Won't you call me that?"

"No. I—I have no right to."

"Say, Hattie, do you want to have the right?"

He spoke earnestly, and half sat up in bed, in spite of the pain it caused him.

"No, no—that is, yes, yes," she stammered.

"So you shall, my girl."

He took a plain hoop gold ring off his finger and put it on hers.

"That's our engagement-ring," he said. "Do you understand?"

Hattie crimsoned up to the eyes.

"I think so," she replied.

"By accepting that ring you have engaged yourself to me, and when I get well we will be married, Hattie."

"Yes, Valentine," she answered, her eyes cast down on the ground timidly.

"Go home and tell your mother that, my dear, and—Hattie!"

She looked up at him with her large, blue eyes.

"Give me one kiss, to seal the bargain. It's a funny time, and a funny place, to make love; but how I'm helpless, I feel I want your love so much more—I should die without it."

She bent over and kissed him tenderly, and he strained her to his breast.

It has been said that there is never a man so bad or so homely that he cannot get some woman to love him.

Vangs was a finely-built man, though his face had a forbidding expression, and Hattie knew nothing about his wickedness.

She, poor child, loved him and continued to love him, in spite of his being lamed for life, whereby she proved her love.

It was with a strangely beating heart that she took her way through the woods to her mother's cottage.

Mrs. Elliott was sitting on the stoop, which was nicely shaded by trees, and in her hand was some needlework.

Hattie fell on her knees by her mother's side, and said, tearfully:

"Mother, Mr. Vangs has asked me to be his wife."

"Good land!" said the old woman. "What answer did you make him?"

"I said Yes."

"Well, child, you might have done worse. He has money and seems to like you. If you gave heart you will give hand. I have nothing to say against the match."

So Hattie became engaged.

After this confidence, Mrs. Elliott heard about the accident which had befallen Vangs, and went down to the Dell House to nurse her future son-in-law.

[To be continued.]

"Rob Rollalong" was commenced in No. 675.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER XLIII.

(Continued from page 174.)

AMIDST the excitement produced by this announcement, back drew the curtain, and the Diddler appeared as the representative of the mythological hero.

He was attired in a suit of flashings, with a very mangy-looking lion-skin hanging from his shoulders, and leant upon an enormous club.

His general make-up was extraordinary, and the wig and beard he wore imparted to him a sternness of countenance in keeping with his character.

But his spider-like limbs were anything but herculean.

"I always understood that Hercules was renowned for enormous muscular development," said Doctor Waddle.

YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"'LOOKS A PERFECT PICTURE, DOESN'T HE!' SAID THE DIDDLER."

"That's three enough, yer honor," the Irishman replied; "but th' pison-ous breath of the serpent has withered his limbs, an' brought him down to what you now see him."

"Ah, that is something new to me," returned the doctor.

The exhibitor continued: "Observe the noble hero as he prepares for the encounter."

The Diddler here commenced a variety of evolutions, flourishing his massive club, supposed to be of solid brass, but in reality of basket-work covered with gold paper.

But the effect was tremendous, and the ease with which he whirled the formidable weapon, and the fierceness with which he rolled his swivel eye, brought down thunders of acclamations.

"Brava! that be good," cried the rustic gazers in astonishment; "brar—a—vo!"

"Wonderful!" joined in Doctor Waddle.

"Ex, ee! Puzzle you to do that, doctor!" exclaimed a voice behind him.

The preceptor looked round.

The face of Miffins, with a broad grin on it, was close to his.

He drew himself up indignantly, and at the same moment, the Diddler tapped him on the hat with his club. The doctor turned quickly, and found Miffins's friend, Brownrigg by name, at his side.

There was no doubt in his mind that it was he who had struck him, and he demanded, fiercely:

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"Mean by what?" asked Brownrigg.

"You struck me on the hat, sir."

"Get out, I didn't!" returned Brownrigg, in a passion.

"Somebody struck me," continued the indignant doctor. "Puckle, who was it?"

Puckle hadn't the least idea, nor had any one else, for no one had seen the Diddler's little manœuvre.

"I say somebody struck me," shouted Doctor Waddle; "and I demand to know who it was."

"Old Miffins!" responded a voice. It was young Pickwick's, from behind the drapery.

The doctor turned upon Miffins instantly.

"What do you mean, sir, by striking my new hat?" he demanded.

"It's a lie!" roared Miffins; "I never touched your hat."

"I say you did," insisted Doctor Waddle: "and—ah! there again, another blow!" he yelled, as he received a second tap from the club, a little harder than the first. "Who did that?"

"Brownrigg!" bawled another invisible speaker from the back.

The doctor, in a fury, collared the supposed culprit.

"I've got you at last!" he cried; "I saw you strike me."

"Leave go of my coat," shouted Brownrigg, "or I'll smash you!"

He stopped short, as the herculean club sent his hat spinning from off his head.

"Why, there's mine gone now," he shrieked.

"Miffins did that," cried the invisible voice.

"Who says I did?" roared Miffins, as red as a turkey cock.

"Puckle says so. He saw you," the voice responded.

"Puckle be blowed! Who's Puckle? Where is he?"

"Here I am," murmured that luckless individual, who had turned a light-green with dismay; "but I assure you——"

The furious Miffins shut him up by grasping his collar and shaking him violently.

"I'll teach you to tell lies about me!" he bawled; "I'll. —"

His voice suddenly became inaudible.

Diddler's brazen club had knocked his hat over his eyes.

After some desperate tugging, accompanied by fierce and fiercish growlings, he at length managed to release his head, leaving the brim of his *chapeau* round his neck.

He at once made a frantic rush at Brownrigg.

"That was you, you paltry villain! I know it was!" he yelled, as he made a grab at Brownrigg's whiskers, with the intention of pulling them out by the roots.

But the voice invisible checked him.

"Ha, ha!" it laughed, ironically; "what an idiot you are, Miffins, not to see who it was bonneted you."

"Who was it, then? Tell me," Miffins raved.

"Old Waddle," responded the voice.

Old Waddle!

Could the doctor believe his senses?

"Did you hear that, Puckie?" he gasped.

"Ye—es—es," Puckie faltered, his teeth chattering like a pair of castanets; "I d—d—did."

"So did I, and I'm determined to——"

But before he had time to express his intentions the exasperated Miffins sprang upon him.

But his projects were frustrated by the club of Hercules, which descended with a startling bang on his cranium.

Down went Miffins on the ground, to the great delight of the doctor, who was about to shout his exultation, when, suddenly, crash went his own hat over his eyes and silenced him.

"Puckie! Help me, Puckie; I shall be killed in this dreadful place!" he cried, in smothered tones.

The distracted usher was making a faint attempt to liberate his chief, when a similar catastrophe occurred to himself, and he found himself struggling in the dark depths of his eight-and-sixpenny gossamer.

It was several minutes before they could extricate themselves, and then Doctor Waddle, under a strange impression that Puckie had played him a practical joke, commenced, in his excitement, a violent pugilistic attack upon that innocent personage.

Miffins having dragged himself to his feet, threw himself once more upon the doctor, who, he believed, had knocked him down.

Brownrigg, thirsting to avenge the insult offered to his whiskers, rushed upon Miffins.

The confusion now became general.

Women screamed.

Every man yelled, commenced striking at everybody else, and in a few moments the interior of Dunn Brown's Waxworks was the scene of a free fight.

"Puckle, my good Puckle, don't forsake me!" cried Doctor Waddle, as the battle raged around him.

"I won't," faintly wailed the usher, who had already had a pouch in the eye and another in the ribs, and was doing his best to get out.

Tim Carroll was in his element, and hopped about, administering a blow here and a blow there, as opportunity offered.

Miffins and Brownrigg came in for the principal share of his favors.

The Diddler, finding his practical joke had produced rather more serious results than he had anticipated, hurriedly put on his clothes, and finding that his preceptor was in a strait, he summoned his comrades, who had by this time removed their stage attire, to the rescue.

They burst in at the door, and scattering the crowd right and left, hoisted up Doctor Waddle on their shoulders, and bore him and Puckle out of the fray in triumph.

The doctor was quite overpowered with gratitude.

Surely never had master such brave and devoted scholars as he had, who had risked their very lives in order to preserve his.

In the fullness of his heart he invited them all to dinner at the inn, an invitation which, it is needless to say, they accepted with the utmost willingness.

CHAPTER XLIV.

DOCTOR WADDLE AND HIS PUPILS VISIT THE TEMPLE OF THESPIS—A CHANGE OF STARS—THE DOCTOR WITNESSES A MARVELOUS AND ORIGINAL PERFORMANCE.

DINNER was over, and the boys were lingering over the dessert.

Doctor Waddle leant back in his chair at the head of the table, and regarded them benignantly, as he sipped his port wine. Swags was asleep, of course. Suddenly there was a sound of a horn and a drum without.

"What is that?" asked Doctor Waddle.

There was an immediate rush to the window and out on the balcony.

Below they perceived a crowd assembled round a cart, on which was painted in red letters, on a yellow ground:

"JINKS'S TEMPLE OF THESPIS."

In the cart were two men.

One was their old friend, Tim Carroll, the other Jinks himself, the proprietor.

It was Tim's business to blow the horn and beat the drum till a crowd was attracted.

He was engaged in this manner when the boys caught sight of him.

"The greatest array of talent in the air," he cried; "the real legitimate temple of the drama! Enormous attraction, Shakespeare and pantomime! Othello and Jack and the Beanstalk! Two great London stars, for this night only! Be in time."

Having concluded this brief harangue, the manager scattered handfuls of small bills among the crowd.

"What is it, boys?" inquired the doctor, turning round on his chair.

"Dramatic performance," responded the Diddler; "Jinks's temple—Shakespeare—pantomime—great attraction—and so on."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the doctor, who had conceived an idea; "are there any bills of the entertainment to be procured?"

"Lots," said the Diddler. "Picky, run down—fetch play-bill—doctor in hurry—quick!"

Young Pickwick disappeared like a shot.

"Eh, what?" exclaimed Swags, who had just woke from his nap; "are we going to the play?"

"Not at all impossible," the Diddler informed him; "doctor in good humor—treat us all."

Swags opened his round eyes and looked as pleased as he could look, and young Pickwick came hurrying in with a bill of the performance.

Doctor Waddle, having received the bill, put on his spectacles and prepared to make known its contents.

The boys gathered round eagerly to listen.

"Jinks's Dramatic Temple," read the doctor; "this evening the performance will commence with Shakespeare's tragedy of Othello. Othello by the renowned tragedian Nobbler, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. To conclude with the comic pantomime of Jack and the Beanstalk, in which the celebrated clown, Crackside, will appear.

"N. B.—Notwithstanding the enormous expense of these engagements, there will be no advance in the usual prices.

"Remember! For this night only!"

This announcement created considerable excitement among the listeners.

"The drama is a great institution, and is of very ancient origin," commenced the doctor, "dating back to the time when the players traveled about in a cart, and performed their plays in the same limited space."

"Lor'!" exclaimed Swags, in surprise; "not plays in a cart! S'pose the hoss should have run away?"

"All the better if it had, Fatty," said the Diddler.

"Why?"

"Insure success of the piece—carry play and players with it—have long run—see?"

Every one laughed at this little joke, and the doctor continued:

"I am an admirer of Shakespeare. There is something about the immortal bard's productions that tends to elevate the mind. Am I not right, Puckle?"

"Ye—es—undoubtedly," returned Puckle, who was sipping a little sherry at that moment, which went the wrong way and nearly choked him.

"I think," went on the doctor, "it might have a beneficial effect upon your minds, after the wretched show you have seen, if you were to witness—don't cough in that way, Puckle, you interrupt me—to witness the performance of Othello."

"Hear! hear!" cried the Diddler.

"And as you have behaved this day in a most noble manner, I feel I cannot—Puckle, if you can't suppress your cough I beg you'll retire until you've recovered yourself."

The luckless Puckle, who was black in the face from his efforts to subdue the irritation in his thorax, took the hint and went out.

"I feel," resumed Doctor Waddle, "I cannot better express my appreciation of your zeal toward myself than by treating you all to the theatre to-night."

"Hurrah!" shouted the boys.

"So then you may consider that settled. We will witness Othello at the Thespian Temple."

The permission was received with enthusiasm, and dessert being over, the doctor proposed as troll.

This was willingly acceded to, by none more eagerly than Swags, who was longing for some more ginger-nuts.

He laid in a large stock for consumption during the evening, stuffing his pockets as full as they could cram.

"Look at that greedy," said young Pickwick to the Diddler; "they'll never let him enter the theatre blown out like that."

"Certainly not," replied the Diddler, with a grin; "we'll make it all right—tap him before he goes in."

They reached the temple in good time, and found crowds of people waiting outside.

The Diddler, who was of a decidedly dramatic turn, strolled around to the stage-door, thinking it possible that he might catch a glimpse of the great Nobbler as he entered.

"He's sure to come," he heard one man say.

"I'm not so certain about that," replied another. "It wouldn't be the first time that he has disappointed."

"No, indeed. He's ruined three managers by breaking his engagements."

"Well, but Jinks told me he forwarded him his railway fare in order to insure his arrival."

"Ha, ha! poor Jinks!"

"What! don't you think he'll keep faith?"

"Not exactly. He'll drink the money and stay where he is."

From this the Diddler concluded that the renowned artist was miles away, and that there would be no one to impersonate Othello.

At this juncture the manager appeared coming toward them.

His hat was over his eyes, and his hands clasped behind him, and he had the look of one who was in an awful fix.

"Well, guv'nor," asked one of the actors as he came up, "train in yet?"

"Yes," was the moody reply, "and no Nobbler. A pretty mess I'm in."

"It's too bad of Nobbler, certainly," said the theatricals.

"And that's not the worst," Jinks continued; "there's Crackside hasn't shown up yet, and I don't suppose he will, the scoundrel. He's really perfectly awful. On this night, too, of all others, when I've announced a Shakesperean play and a pantomime; ha, ha! Othello without the Moor, and a pantomime without the clown."

And in his despair the afflicted manager seemed inclined to tear his hair.

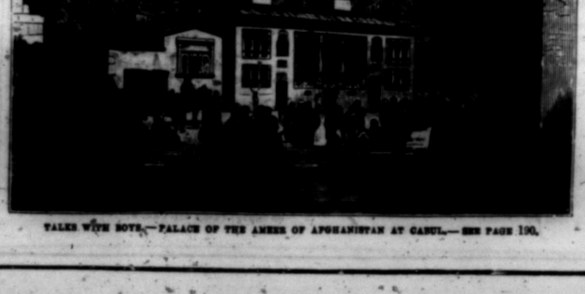
At this juncture a loud shouting and confusion amongst the crowd announced that the doors were opened.

The Diddler, pondering upon what he had just heard, joined his companions, who, with Doctor Waddle and Mr. Puckle, were waiting at the entrance.

They wondered where he had been, but he did not satisfy their curiosity, but kept his own counsel.

The place was crowded, and at the proper time the orchestra struck up, but the curtain did not rise at the end of the overture.

At length hissing commenced, in the midst of which the curtain was pulled on one side, and Jinks, the proprietor, with his hair almost standing on end, and looking quite ghastly, came on to apologise.



TALKS WITH BOYS.—PALACE OF THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN AT CABUL.—SEE PAGE 190.

Mr. Nobbler had not yet arrived, he said; expected him every moment, begged their kind indulgence, placed his hand on his heart, bowed, and went off again.

More music, but still the curtain did not go up—increased hissing.

It was then that the Diddler whispered a few hasty words to Fitzsham and young Pickwick, and left the box.

A few seconds brought him to the stage-door.

"Want to see Jinks, instanter," he said, in his usual off-hand manner; "important communication—where is he?"

"Here," said the manager, who heard himself inquired for, and came hurrying forward; "is it Nobbler?"

"No, dear boy, Diddler!" was the cheerful reply.

"What do you want?" inquired the distracted Jinks.

"Come to offer services—Nobbler absent—Diddler present to take his place as Othello."

"Ha!" exclaimed the manager, reviving, "can you play Othello."

"Certainly, and everything else—penny whistle—small tooth comb—etc."

"My dear fellow, and will you undertake this part?"

"I will, dear boy—terms—three sova—cash in advance."

"You shall have them," cried the rejoicing Jinks. "Nobbler is not known here, and therefore no one will detect the difference."

"Decidedly not—Nobbler nowhere after Diddler."

"Come, then, and get dressed at once; the audience are impatient."

And clutching the Diddler by the arm, very much as a drowning man clings to the plank that is going to save his life, he hurried him off to the dressing-room.

The Diddler now saw that he had a great chance of distinguishing himself.

Here the entire company, in various stages of preparation, were assembled.

"This is the 'star's' corner, said Jinks, as he landed his treasure in the place where he was to dress. "Rickets," he added, to the actor next to him, "if Mr. Diddler wants any assistance let him have it."

"All right, guv'nor," returned Rickets, who was the Iago of the evening.

The excited manager then rushed on to the stage and before the curtain.

The audience were getting very uproarious at the delay.

The sight of Mr. Jenks, with his face wreathed in smiles, caused an immediate lull in the storm.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he cried, "I am happy to inform you that the great Nobbler has arrived. He has been accidentally detained on his journey, but is now in the theatre, and will be ready to appear before you in a few moments."

This welcome news was received with loud shouts of applause.

None were more vehement in their demonstrations than Doctor Waddle's pupils.

The Diddler had whispered his intentions to Fitzsham and young Pickwick, and they had informed the rest, so that they were fully prepared for what was coming.

In the meantime the Diddler was putting on the Othello robes, which were laid out ready for him.

Whilst dressing he was revolving in his mind what he was to talk about when he got before the audience.

"Must say something," he reflected, as he drew a pair of brown worsted tights on his spindle legs.

He had a recollection of having studied certain portions of Othello at some remote period of his existence, but they lingered but faintly in his mind.

If he could only get a read at the play it would recall the lines, he thought, and looking toward Iago, he said, with his engaging affability:

"Rickets, dear boy—oblige with book of Othello—just few minutes—run through speeches—refresh memory, and so on—thank you—sorry to trouble you—very."

Without waiting for a reply he snatched up a copy of the tragedy, from which Iago was studying his own part, and placed it before him.

The actor looked surprised, but not wishing to offend so illustrious a personage, he offered no objection.

The Diddler hurriedly ran through the lines as he dressed himself.

Suddenly he paused and looked round with a beaming smile at the professionals.

"Friends—brothers in art?" he exclaimed, "allow me—offer—little refreshment."

"Hear, hear, hear!" cried the man who was to play Cassio.

"What shall it be?—give it name?"

There was a slight consultation, when the general opinion was given in favor of ale and ginger-beer.

"Callen ginger-beer and ale?" cried the Diddler, as he threw down half a crown.

An actor picked it up and hurried away, and in an incredibly short space of time reappeared, followed by small youth, who carried a can and some mugs.

The liquor was quickly poured out and as quickly swallowed.

"Best wishes to everybody," exclaimed the Diddler, warmly, as he raised his cup. "Health—happiness and prosperity—success to drama—and so on."

Diddler's extreme liberality entirely won the hearts of the actors, and in a few moments they were on the most friendly terms with him.

"Trust to you, dear boys, entirely," he said to them, confidentially; "memory treacherous sometimes—if I stop—no matter—you go on—get through somehow."

The pros, who were not over-perfect themselves, were delighted to find the star in the same doubtful state, and pledged themselves to assist him in every possible way.

"We won't desert you," declared the veteran Brabantio; "you won't find any of us cue-struck."

"That's right," returned the Diddler; "no use waiting for words—all humbug—not acting at all—say anything—go ahead!—fire!—fury!—slap-dash!—roll eyes!—stamp foot!—passion!—terrible!—that's the ticket!"

The listeners opened their eyes with astonishment.

"Now the color," said the Diddler.

"You'll find it there," responded Iago, pausing in the act of gumming on a pair of mustaches, and pointing to a shelf over the dressing-place, on which were a couple of small tin-boxes.

"Thanks, worthy ancient," replied the knowing one, as he seized upon the first he came to, and commenced the operation of painting his face.

His choice was unfortunate.

Instead of selecting the box which contained the brown color proper for Othello's complexion, he was dipping into one which contained a preparation of a ghastly hue, expressly compounded for the monster in Frankenstein.

But being unaware of his mistake he continued his make-up with much perseverance.

The other actors engaged with their own affairs, did not observe him, and presently the manager came bustling in.

"Jinks, my dear sir, how are you getting on?" he asked, anxiously. "Nearly ready?"

"Shall be in two minutes," returned the Diddler, turning round to him; "how do I look?—picture, eh?"

Mr. Jinks uttered a shriek, and held up his hands in dismay.

"Why, good gracious!" he cried, "what have you been doing to your face?"

"Making it up—splendid—true to nature."

"No, no, my dear fellow; Othello was a black, and you're blue."

"Blue?" echoed the Diddler, contemplating himself in a small fragment of looking-glass; "dear me—so I am—never mind—doesn't matter."

"But there never was such a thing heard of as a blue Moor," said Mr. Jinks.

"All better—strike out new path—eccentricity of genius—original idea—make sensation, of course."

The manager raised his eyebrows, and shrugged his shoulders, and looked very uncomfortable.

"I really don't know how the audience will take it," he said, doubtfully; "it's a dangerous experiment."

"Not at all," returned the Diddler, with perfect confidence. "Othello jealous—affect liver—turn blue—thing quite plain."

Mr. Jinks did not contradict him, and the Diddler, having put on his wig, pronounced himself quite prepared to appear before the public.

He first, however, reminded the manager that the small sum of three guineas had not yet been paid.

The latter at once slipped that amount into his hand, screwed up in a piece of paper, and all being ready, the bell rang, and up went the curtain.

Here the entire of the Diddler was the signal for a storm of applause.

Most youths would have been somewhat unnerved at a first appearance on the stage.

Not so, however, our imperturbable friend with the swivel eye, who seemed to have no nerves.

He advanced to the footlights with the utmost *sang froid*, and bowed repeatedly in response to the acclamations, not forgetting to wink at his companions in the boxes.

The applause was dying away, when suddenly a voice from the front row in the pit called out:

"Why, Othello's blue!"

"So he is; eat my wig if he isn't!"

The speakers were Miffins and Brownrigg.

Their remarks were not acceptable to the majority of the audience, and cries of "Silence!" "Order!" "Turn 'em out!" were heard.

The Diddler, glittering in his spangled robes, advanced majestically to the footlights, and fixing his remarkable eye upon the culprits, he said to them:

"Sirs, remarks not allowed—you interrupt performance."

"Bravo, Nobbler! Shall we turn them out?" shouted the audience, so heartily that Miffins and his friends shivered in their shoes.

The play then commenced.

The Diddler, who was perfectly self-possessed, said what he remembered of the text of Shakespeare, which was very little, and introduced a great deal of his own, so much so that Doctor Waddle, who was a great lover of the immortal bard, and conversant with his plays, was quite befogged.

"Mr. Nobbler cannot surely be speaking the correct text," he said. "Puckle, am I right?"

"Ye-es, sir, returned Puckle. "I certainly think Mr.—a—Wobbler is deviating from the exact words."

There was not the least doubt he was deviating very greatly; but he spoke so glibly, and did everything in such a dashing way, that no one interrupted him.

The scene soon came on where Brabantio accuses the Moor of having stolen his daughter.

Doctor Waddle was a great admirer of this scene. Turning to his pupils, he said, glowingly:

"Othello's address to the senators is a masterpiece of dramatic declamation, and I wish you to remark it particularly."

Mr. Brownrigg was also acquainted with this portion of the play.

But the Diddler, whose ideas of Shakespeare were as original and eccentric as ideas could be, instead of rolling out his sentences in the usual measured, pompous manner, jerked them forth in his own peculiar fashion.

"Most potent—grave—reverend signors," he commenced; "very noble—approved good masters—I've taken away—old man's daughter—true—married her—and so on—head and front—offense—this extent—no more—father loved—united—story of my life—battles—sieges—fortunes passed—run it through—beginning to end—Desdemona listen—greedy ear—interested—pity sorrows of poor black man—I loved her—she loved me—and all that sort of thing—that's all."

Having delivered this detached harangue, the noble Moor strutted across the stage and back again, upsetting three of the guards, and knocking a gray-haired senator off his chair in the passage, amidst the loud applause of the spectators.

It was in the midst of this that Brownrigg started up and cried, indignantly:

"Pooh! It's nothing like it! He isn't speaking the proper words!"

There was a dead silence instantly.

Down to the footlights rushed the Diddler.

"Nothing like it—not proper words!" he exclaimed. "Wretched man, do you say so?"

"Yes, I do!" howled Brownrigg.

The Diddler looked down upon him fiercely for an instant.

Then a pitying look came into his face, and putting his finger upon his forehead to indicate mental aberration, he said, to the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen. The poor fellow—been drinking."

"Who says I've been drinking?" roared Brownrigg, shaking his fist. "I'm as sober as a judge; eat my wig if I'm not."

"Certainly he is," protested Miffins, rising in defense of his friend; "he's all right."

"There's another poor man in drink," said the Diddler, solemnly, pointing toward him; "pair of 'em. Neither know what they're saying."

"But we do know!" they bawled.

"Order!"

"Turn 'em out!" shouted a score of voices.

"Do so, gentlemen," said Othello.

Half a dozen hands at once seized them.

"'Take 'em up tenderly,
Lift 'em with care,
Fashioned so slenderly;
Young and so fair,'"

quoted the Diddler.

And kicking, struggling and yelling, the troublesome pair were forcibly ejected from the Thespian Temple amidst the laughter and jeers of the spectators.

Doctor Waddle felt indignant at this proceeding.

He was also annoyed at the mutilation Shakespeare's language was receiving, and standing up in his box exclaimed:

"My friends; ahem! Puckle, support me. I beg to remark that——"

But the audience were more desirous of seeing Othello than listening to the doctor, and they cried, irreverently:

"Sit down, old gentleman!"

"Throw him over!"

"I will not sit down, nor will I be thrown over!" he replied, in an angry tone. "I feel it my duty to——"

No more was heard, for an orange, hurled from the pit, struck him in the mouth, and he fell back over his seat with his boots in the air.

"Puckle!" he gasped, "I'm floored; but you speak! Address the misguided multitude! Speak! I insist!"

Puckle, looking very white and flustered, rose to speak, but instantly received a rotten apple in his eye, which knocked him off his feet, and he lay by the side of his master with his heels where his head should have been.

"Order, turn them out!" shouted everybody.

The Diddler, during this commotion, stood with folded arms in an attitude of serene indifference.

The repose of his manner so impressed the beholders that they shouted, unanimously:

"A cheer for Nobbler, the great actor!"

The cheer was given, and the play proceeded.

The Diddler, encouraged by the applause, went on with renewed energy.

What he omitted in words he made up in raving, and stamping and facial contortions.

All the countrymen declared he was the finest Othello they had ever seen, and when at the end of the fifth act, in a paroxysm of jealous fury, he pitched the treacherous Iago into the orchestra, where he stuck fast in the big drum, the enthusiasm was tremendous.

The manager seemed perplexed.

It was the strangest version of Othello he had ever met with.

But then the audience highly approved and applauded it.

And that was everything.

The play went on, and the Diddler fancied it began to fag somewhat toward the close.

"Mustn't fall off now," he thought to himself; "do something startling. I have it."

It was a brilliant idea of his.

And this was what it was:

At the side of the couch on which Desdemona lay he stationed a man with a well-soaped towel.

After he had in a most harrowing manner stabbed himself several times over, he staggered up to the bed and bent over the body of his murdered wife.

"Oh, oh, Desdemona! Oh, oh, oh!" he groaned, loudly.

Suddenly he started up with a wild yell of anguish, and turning his full front to the audience, threw his hands in the air.

A thrill of horror passed through every breast at the sight he presented.

During his groanings over the couch, the man with the soapy towel had removed the blue color from his face, and dusted it with lemon chrome.

He was now a ghastly yellow.

For an instant he stood quivering, and rolling his eyes convulsively.

Then collapsing, he fell with a startling bang on the stage, and rolled as far as the footlights and back again.

Here he writhed in terrible contortions, gripping in his agony at the legs of the other characters, four of whom he capsized, and finally expired amidst thunders of applause.

After the curtain fell, he was summoned to appear before it to receive another ovation.

The boys cheered their comrade lustily.

Doctor Waddle did not applaud with the rest, and he could not help fancying there was an extraordinary resemblance between the great Nobbler and his pupil, the Diddler.

"Never saw such a likeness," he exclaimed; "did you, Puckle?"

"Oh, never!" groaned the luckless usher, who had got an apple-pip in his eye, and felt particularly uncomfortable; "never!"

The Diddler, meantime, had reached his dressing-room, and was inwardly congratulating himself on having got through his arduous part so triumphantly, without knowing a dozen lines of it.

CHAPTER XLV.

SWAGS IS ENGAGED TO UNDERTAKE THE PART OF CLOWN — INTRODUCES A NEW FEATURE — ASTONISHES THE AUDIENCE AND SAVES THE PANTOMIME.

THE Diddler was grateful to those who had so ably supported him, and felt he could not do less than treat them to some ginger-beer and ale.

The pros drank his health in the inspiring beverage with enthusiasm, and declared that in the part of Othello he was quite equal to the great Edmund Kean.

The Diddler lost no time in getting out of his stage clothes and into his own.

"Go round to boxes now—see how the lads are getting on," he said. "Good-by, dear boys—meet again presently."

He had scarcely left the dressing-room, when he encountered the manager, who was just coming in search of him.

"Oh, my dear fellow, here you are," exclaimed the latter, hurriedly, as he grasped his hand.

"Yes, here I am," returned the Diddler.

And then, noticing that Mr. Jinks was somewhat excited, he added:

"What's up, eh? Anything the matter?"

"Oh, dear, yes. There's a great deal the matter," Jinks replied.

"What is it—got over tragedy all right, didn't we?"

"Yes, yes; nothing could be better. Quite a triumph. But, then, there's the pantomime. How about that?"

"What about it?"

"Splitsides hasn't arrived."

"Splitsides! Clown, isn't he?"

"Yes," replied the manager.

"Um—awkward that—very."

"Awfully!" groaned Mr. Jinks. "How can we do a pantomime without a clown?"

"Splitsides turn up presently, perhaps," suggested the Diddler, hopefully.

"Oh, no. There's not the least chance now," said the manager, despairingly. "And what's to be done, I really don't know."

"Very embarrassing—couldn't be more so," murmured the Diddler, as if talking only to himself.

"Can you propose anything?" asked Mr. Jinks, anxiously.

The knowing one fixed his swivel eye dreamily upon him, and seemed lost in meditation.

"I suppose it would be satisfactory out of your line to do clown, wouldn't it?" continued Mr. Jinks, after a moment.

The Diddler shook his head seriously.

"Have done such a thing—years ago—couldn't now—injure position," he said.

The manager grasped his hair with his two hands nervously, and seemed inclined to tear it.

"Besides," continued the Diddler, "figure not fit for clown—too slim—genteel, and so on—want some one fat."

Mr. Jinks groaned again.

"What a dreadful fix I'm in!" he cried; "oh, who would be a——"

The Diddler interrupted him by placing his hand upon his arm.

"Stay," he said; "got an idea."

"Have you?" exclaimed Jinks, eagerly.

"Yes. Think I can find you a clown."

"My dear fellow, how can I——"

"No thanks—do what I can—but tell you beforehand—terms rather heavy."

"Never mind terms," cried the manager, with a frenzied expression in his countenance. "What will they be?"

"Five guineas—not farthing less."

"He shall have it," replied Mr. Jinks, as he thrust his hand into his pocket, and rattled a quantity of gold and silver.

"Point of mine," the Diddler continued; "fat youth—comic—extremely—send audience into convulsions."

"He'll do. Just the very thing if you can get him," cried the delighted manager.

"Pledge word—honor," returned the Diddler, holding out his hand for the coin.

"Shall I pay you?" asked Mr. Jinks.

"Decidedly," was the Diddler's reply.

Five pounds five shillings were immediately placed in his hand.

"Quite right," said the knowing one, after counting the sum. "Go and fetch him at once."

"Do, my dear fellow, do," cried the rejoicing Jinks.

[To be continued.]

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. 661.

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

CABUL.

THE city of Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, is 6,326 feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded on three sides by fortified hills, at the foot of which flows the Cabul River. The Bala Hissar (palace of kings), or citadel surrounds the town, and comprises the royal residence and gardens, and the government offices. The city, whose total population is about 60,000, is subdivided into districts, each of which is inclosed by walls, one strongly-fortified district in the southwest portion being inhabited by Persians. The streets are intricate and badly paved; the outer town, which is three miles in circumference, has four gates, and two principal thoroughfares, running parallel to each other, one of which led to the magnificent bazaar destroyed by the British troops in 1842.

Cabul contains several bazaars, some of which are very extensive, the principal one being six hundred feet in length, and thirty in width. A recent traveler says: "The numerous shops, little better than sheds, exhibited fruit, not only surprising for its beauty, but for its prodigious abundance; melons and grapes out of number, and this display continued for some distance, Cabul having been long famous for its fruits, more particularly grapes, pomegranates, apricots, peaches, pears, apples, quinces, jujubes, damsons, almonds and walnuts, all of which are found in immense quantities, as well as the orange, citron, amiook, and sugar-cane, which are peculiar to a warm climate and are brought from Laghman. Other articles are also preparing for sale, cooks are preparing kabobs, one of the most striking of the many vocations carried on in the bazaars of Cabul."

The busy scene in a Kabob shop is thus described: "The proprietor (a Cashmerian), is seated in the centre of his shop, superintending the cooking and serving his customers. In one corner, a Hussara servant is engaged in chopping the meat into small pieces, preparatory to its being fixed on wooden skewers for roasting. This operation is carried on in public view for the satisfy purchasers of its good quality. A little boy fans the charcoal fire through the iron grating on which the kabobs are placed.

"For the convenience of those who do not chose to eat their meals seated, a room at the back of the shop is appropriated. To the middle and poorer classes of Afghans, who live mostly out of doors, these shops (in the vicinity of which a baker's is always to be found) are a great convenience, as at them a good meal may be obtained for a trifling sum."

The most attractive spot in the neighborhood of the town is the Emperor Baba's garden, the resort of the inhabitants as a place of recreation and enjoyment. There are to be seen the women veiled in their "bookahs," and so thoroughly disguised that the most intimate friends are not known to each other. In these gardens also is the Emperor Baba's tomb, built of slabs of white marble, covered with inscriptions, and standing on a terrace raised above the level of the surrounding ground.

As to the ceremonies of the Afghans, those even of the great are on the same model as those of the common people. The place of honor is in the corner of the room, at the end opposite the entrance, where the master sits facing it. If the owner of the house is visited by a superior, he advances to meet him, but only rises in his place to receive an equal; to an inferior he merely rises on his knees. It is a mark of great attention to the master to place a guest in his own seat, and the nearer to him the more honorable the post.

The criminal law of the Afghans is marvelously suggestive of the old Saxon and Irish law, by which crimes could be nearly always expiated by paying cash down or giving some other value. Among the Western Afghans the expiation of a murder is made by giving twelve young women, six with portions and six without. The portion of each, some years back, used to be among the common people, sixty rupees, partly in goods. For cutting off a hand, an ear, or a nose they give six women, for breaking a tooth, three women; but a wound above the forehead—unless it take a year to heal—or any other small offense, is expiated by apologies and submission.

A WESTERN ROMANCE.

FOR ten or more years there has lived in Boone, Iowa, a family consisting of a man and wife and a large family of children. The earnings of this man were barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, with little for comforts of home and nothing for its luxuries. Patiently and in silence they bore their lot, until finally death came to the relief of the woman, and she was laid away. The eldest girl, but fourteen or fifteen, took on herself the care of the younger brothers and sisters, and the father came and went with the burdens of life as usual, until a second flame was kindled, and he brought home another wife. This union did not prove a congenial one. The woman was accused of unfaithfulness, and a divorce followed.

Again the patient daughter, who had felt to the quick the stings of an unworthy stepmother, took up the care of the younger children, until recently a third woman was introduced to the house as head of the family. The proposition to remain and endure this received a trial was rejected by the daughter, who sought asylum and honorable work with others. The enraged father, in a moment of passion, let out the secret of his former life by blurting out:

"Go, then! you are not my child, anyhow!"

She went, and as she journeyed, she thought. Day after day the possible truth of the words of anger dawned slowly, as from a confused mist of recollections, on the memory of the girl, now grown to womanhood. She knew her mother's maiden name, and she was able to recall that they came from a certain State in the East when she was a little girl. Finally this recollection was sufficiently clear that a letter was written and mailed at a venture to the postmaster of a given town, making inquiries. He turned it over to an old inhabitant, who proved to be an aunt of the Boone girl.

A correspondence lasting several months followed, and as the result the young lady has discovered her full history. Her mother eloped when she was a little girl, leaving the two other children with their father, and came to the West with the man who was with her at the time of her death, and father of her children there. The deserted father hunted long but ineffectually for his lost child, finally married again, and is (as he always was) a man of account in his place of residence and the possessor of a competency. He is expected every day to claim his long-lost daughter and remove her to his home, and supply the needs of a neglected education and society for the sphere in life to which her birth and means entitle her.

THE LOST NOTE.

FROM one of the parties involved, we have the following:

One Saturday in the year 1861 the paymaster's clerk of the —th Lancers, then quartered in Aldershot, drew from the bank four hundred pounds in five-pound notes, for issue in sums of fifty pounds to each of the eight troops. The notes were new, and stamped with the name of the banker and date of issue. In ordinary course, the money would have been paid to the captains of troops by the paymaster; but the latter being on leave of absence, the payment was made by his clerk, the paymaster-sergeant, to each of the troop-sergeant-majors. Seven had received their money, and the eighth not arriving, the clerk, after counting the remaining notes and finding them correct, put them in a small drawer, itself not much larger than the notes, in an upright desk standing on a table at which he sat. Immediately he had done this, a defaulter—that is, a man confined to barracks for some trifling offence—was brought to the orderly to give in the weekly scrubbing-out. After waiting a short time, the clerk left the office and went into the veranda to send the orderly in waiting for the troop-sergeant-major, to receive his money. He was not absent more than two minutes, and had left the man scrubbing. Shortly after, when paying the money, the clerk found, to his consternation, one of the notes was missing. The whole place—the unfortunate defaulter loudly protesting his innocence—was at once searched; but no note was found. This was a serious matter for the clerk; intrusted with unusual responsibility, he had to all appearance failed in it. He must replace the money at once, and he had scarcely as many shillings; how could he have, out of two shillings and sixpence a day? Fortunately, a friend helped him out of that difficulty, and the missing note was made good.

Five years passed. The regiment had arrived at Cahir from Dublin; when unpacking the desk, the drawer before mentioned would not shut close. It was pulled out, when a small piece of sealing-wax and a piece of paper—the latter crumpled up between the back of the drawer and back of the desk—were found. The paper was the long-lost note with the name of the bank and date upon it. Full explanation, with a solatium inclosed for his injured feelings, was at once sent to the defaulter, who had amended his ways, and was then a sergeant, stationed at Waterford.

EASY LESSONS IN COMPOSITION.

THE *Modern Argo* gives the following crisp and valuable advice to the man or woman who writes:

I.

FOR BEGINNERS.—Hawthorn, who is acknowledged to have been a master of style, never used an italic letter in any of his books. His emphasis was in the sense of what he wrote. He used, almost entirely, words of few syllables. There are no big, heavy words in his works.

II.

FOR GRADUATES.—Hawthorn never used any other than plain English language. There are no foreign words or phrases, either ancient or modern, to be found in any of his literary writings. None of you can be Hawthorns, but then you may all profit from his example.

III.

FOR ALL WRITERS.—Find a subject and stick to it. Go at once to the point of the question. Never dally with a live subject, but take hold of it, and then you can write of it. Never write for newspapers on dead topics. Do not write long articles. Do not use a heavy and cumbersome style. Put all the sense you can in what you write, but let it be alive.

GIRT a tree round with bands of steel, and it will die. Lace a woman in a corset, and she will outlive all the doctors who warned her against it.

THE ROUND TABLE.

PRIZES.

To be Read by all who Send Answers.

FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor - $5.00
For the next best - - - - - - 2.50
For the third in merit and promptness - - 1.00

N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 674.

1. Pittsburg, Baltimore—PlumB, IdeA, TeaL, TreaT, SomaLi, BermingbaM, UO, RapidL, GreecE.

2. CULMINATE
CAPITALLY
SITUATION
CHARACTINA
PRESERVATION
BARBAROUS
CREMATION
ATTENDANT
HYPERBOLE

3. Heat-ben. 4. Content. 5. Table, Elba. 6. Mad, Dam, 7. Dublin, Unrude, Bremen, Lumber, Ideate, Never (Berne). 8. Tie, Pie, Hie, Vie, Fie. 9. Nothing.

10.
W
DIE
DELVE
WILLIAM
EVICT
RAT
M

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 674.

1.—William S. Parker, 2138 South Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

2.—W. Q. Heasley, 162 Nevins Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

3.—M. Sheldon, Columbus, Ohio.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—CHARADE.

I AM penniless now—
It has come to the worst;
My proud spirit must bow—
I must now do my first.
Your wealth has no bounds,
By wast I am reckoned;
I ask not many coins,
But give me my second
Oh, do not refuse me!
Oh, say not my whole!
The world has abused me—
I'm sick heart and soul.

2.—CHARADE.

Hunger is whole to man I one day reckon'd
While walking out, so to a first I hied,
And called for dinner, which, when I had second,
And only then, was th' craving satisfied.

3.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

In primals and finals, my finals you will see,
While primals, dressed in finals, is sometimes sure to be.

Warm and cold, and full of change am I,
A god of the Greeks in me you will espy;
A geometrical figure, with but four sides, I ween,
This you seek to do, that my answer might be seen.

4.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A letter; a fish; to coop up; displaces; a raised bank; little; a letter.

5.—LOGOGRIPH.

A fugitive my whole will be;
Transposed, a weapon you will see;
Take off my tail and then transpose,
A tool to you the change now shows;
Transpose again, an-nation now am I;
Once more transpose, and gadly you'll espy.

6.—CENTRAL DELETION.

Delete a grain and leave a labyrinth; delete a number and leave observed; delete a resin and leave fuel; delete to chop fine and leave vermin; delete an answer and leave to depend.

7.—SQUARE WORDS.

Up to an imaginary standard; a stupid scholar; to turn to; measures of land; wine-dregs and a vowel.

8.—SQUARE WORDS.

A habitation; a green spot; an attendant; an investment; prophets, transposed.

9.—CHARADE.

The sound of the battle is heard from afar,
For cannon are dealing the terrors of war;
The trumpets are sounding, the flags float on high,
And fierce cries of vengeance mount up to the sky.

Our horses are shrieking with terror and pain;
Our comrades are falling, and pile up the slain.
Look where the foe comes in anger and heat!
Where are the troops his wild soldiers to beat?

Stand firm, ye warriors, stand to your post!
Fear not their onslaught or all will be lost!
Here come our horsemen, they ride to your aid.
Stand firm, ye warriors, of naught put afraid!

A heart-stirring total is heard from the rear,
Its words give us valor, it tells naught of fear;
It tells of but heroes, of honor that's dear,
And naught of disgrace or defeat do we hear.

Know then, ye heroes, who in my first fight,
My last will tell of your glorious might,
Your deeds will be honored, great glory will come
To all who fight bravely for country and home.

10.—CHARADE.

If whole, dear friends, you'd wish to see,
Gaze on my first, and there
'Tis seen;
It may of beads or second be,
Or rubies rich and rare,
I ween.

Of each one's frame you'll find, I trow,
That first a part will form,
'Tis true;
And worn on first is second, though
'Tis thin and far from warm.
Adieu.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

CAN rivalry between churches be called a steeple-chase?

IN an art gallery: *He*—"I love keramics." *She*—"You are ker-reet."

AN Indian out West is called Jump-Over-the-Sky. How is that for nigh?

TO HIT a sleepy worshiper on the head with a contribution box is merely a bump of benevolence.

WHAT is that which we all eat and drink at festive times, though it is sometimes a woman and sometimes a man? A toast.

WHEN a young man in Patagonia wants a wife he rides out and lassoes one; and in the more civilized United States of America, when a young man wants a wife, but does not come to time, the las-sues him for breach of promise.

ELEVATOR BOY (to a woman who has ridden three times from the bottom to the top of the building)—"Well, where do you want to get out?" *Woman*—"Well, indeed, ain't quite sure, but leave me as near the Gold Colony depot as ye can."

A DIVINITY student electrified his examiner recently by his brilliant reply to the question, "How many and who were the minor prophets?" "There were twelve," was the answer; "and they were so called because their prophecies were all written before they attained their majority."

NOW COMES Johnnie in from school with, "I've got to have a new slate and a pencil, and a sponge and a second reader, and teacher wants me to study geography, and I'll have to have an atlas, and the new boy got a licking, and, say, ma, won't you ask pa to buy the books this noon, because I'm in a hurry, and all the rest of the boys have got ther'n?"

IT'S very tough on the average sportsman to run down in the country on business, find the shooting good, and have to telegraph to his wife to send his gun and dogs by the next train. We say it is tough, because she invariably forwards his rifle instead of the shot-gun, and an affectionate note stating that both the setters got away the night before, but she sends instead Mrs. Didimus's watch-dog and Brown's skye-terrier, which she hopes will do as well.

SCENE.—Augusta's boudoir. Lucy holds an open letter in her hand, and says: "Well, you see, dear, I only met him at Mount Desert this Summer, and we did flirt desperately, but it's too absurd, his writing to me now and proposing—now isn't it?" *Augusta*—"Awfully bold, I think; but then it's just like a man. Shall you accept him?" *Lucy*—"Well! I don't know what to do. He don't deserve it, but then he's awfully handsome, and besides I really think I would be a good wife. I can make splendid corn bread."

A MAN who had never seen the inside of a law-court until he was recently introduced as a witness in a case pending in one of the Scotch courts, on being sworn, took a position with his back to the jury, and began telling his story to the judge. The judge, in a bland and courteous manner, said, "Address yourself to the jury, sir." The man made a short pause, but, not comprehending what was said to him, forthwith continued his narrative. The judge was then more explicit, and said to him, "Speak to the jury, sir—the men sitting behind you on the benches." The witness at once turned round, and, making an awkward bow, said, with great gravity of manner, "Good-morning, gentlemen!"

THE HARVARD EXAMINATION.—We have received a schedule of the questions to be asked at the next musical examination, and we give it (in strict confidence) to our readers: If a composer uses the key of D major too frequently, is he in a state of decomposition? Is A major useful in the military march? What position in a staff has A major? How many "bars" are necessary in a good drinking song? Are compositions relative to childhood always in the "nursery key"? Are broken passages discountable by a note broker? Do bankrupt lemonkeepers have broken bars? Is a common chord useful to tie notes with? Should negro minstrel songs always be written on black keys? How many flats make a family hotel? Would such as hotel require a chromatic? Is beer a direxious? On returning from a public ball, what key is best to be taken—to open the door with? Is it necessary to use the "shake" in getting the door open? How many "turns" are necessary? If your wife is the "dominant," would not a few "overtures" be advisable? Persons answering these questions will receive a leather medal and the degree of A.S.S.

ONLY A PIN.

Only a pin, and nothing more.
Only a pin as it lay on the floor.
Only a boy that spied the pin.
But his face lit up with a fiendish grin.

For here was now his heart's desire,
And here the chance to "get square" with his sire.
The boy, with thoughts of bad intent,
With careful hands the pin he bent.

Only a chair, and nothing more.
Only a chair as it stood on the floor.
Only a chair, but on its seat
A pin, whose point the heavens did greet.

Only his sire who came in the door.
Only the boy's sire who crossed the floor.
Only a brief instant of repose,
Only a touch—and then he arose!

Only a yell—never before
Was heard such a one as came through the door.
Just one rub where the pin had tingled,
Then the sire, boy, pin and chair all mingled.
E. M. THOMPSON.

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THE WOLVES OF DEVIL'S MOUNTAIN.

THE story of Mr. John A. Dunn's encounter with wolves, the most thrilling incident of which we illustrate in this number, is related as follows by the hero of the adventure, who narrowly escaped at the same time being its victim. Mr. Dunn says:

Being a cutter in the employ of Messrs. McLaren & Co., on the Gatineau River, I set out one morning, in company with two Indians, to ascertain if any trespassers had been committed on a limit owned by that firm, the said limit being northeast of the Gatineau River, and running parallel with the Duievre. The district is remarkable only for its mountainous character, the range being called Mont Diable, or Devil's Mountain. I took my horse along with me so long as a beaten track enabled me to do so, when I tied him up and continued the journey on snow-shoes.

We had only gone about four miles when one of the Indians, a very cunning and experienced hunter, solemnly warned me to turn back, as there were unmistakable indications of wolves being in close proximity; but, not heeding the voice of the dusky son of the forest, I made up my mind to keep on my way, as it is a principle of mine never to look back until my work is accomplished. On the present occasion, however, my contempt for the prophetic words of the Indian came near costing me dearly.

Approaching the foot of the mountain, I beheld, full in view, and only a short distance away on a small eminence, a pack of wolves, twenty-seven in number, devouring the remains of a deer. This was rather an unpleasant position to be in, and the only recourse for safety was to retreat or climb a tree. The former I decided on without much delay, but on turning about I found that the two Indians had gone. I saw to my revolvers as my best friends immediately, and found all right. I determined to live as long as I could, and to sell my life as dearly as possible. I began to retreat, however, with all the haste that my physical powers were capable of, but was soon alarmed by hearing the howling of the wolves in pursuit. I have always prided myself on my fleetness of foot, as I have seldom met my equal, but in this race with wolves I lost ground very fast.

I quickly realized that the attempt to escape was vain, for at the rate of going I could not hold out long, and therefore, believing that "prudence was the better part of valor," I concluded to climb a tree, and though it took me but a very few moments to reach a convenient bough, I was none too quick, for the pack was nigh on hand, anxious for a fresh dash after disposing of the deer. They drew up in line, about ten yards from the tree, and, considering the opportunity a good one, I commenced to blaze away at them, with deadly effect, no less than four falling in answer to seven shots. This destructive fire did not abate their fury in the least, and I proceeded to draw my second revolver, when, unfortunately, it caught in a twig and was jerked out of my hand to the ground.

I now felt my predicament a worse one than ever, fearing that they would remain and starve me out, or until I should become benumbed with the cold, and fall an easy prey to the ravenous pack. My buffalo-coat I had left in the cutter, and, being very thinly clad, I began very soon to experience the effects of the cold. The wolves, I believe, realized my helplessness, and became bold accordingly.

They walked up to the foot of the tree, which was a very small one, and as they could not reach me by leaping, they began to gnaw it down. I had been in many a tight place before, in whale-fishing and other perilous positions, and flatter myself I have never been much of a coward; but on the present occasion, with a hungry pack of wolves methodically at work, one after the other, gnawing away the tree on which I had taken refuge, I began to feel loose about the jaw, and my spirits went down to forty-five Fahrenheit. However, an idea occurred to me; I decided upon a plan. Taking out my knife, I cut the longest limb I could reach, and, leaving a hook on the end of it, I caught hold of a large cedar-tree about ten feet off; and, as the wolves continued gnawing, and my perch grew more and more unsteady, I pulled on the pole and drew the tree over toward the cedar. With a desperate exertion, and after several minutes of deep anxiety, I succeeded in gaining the cedar, and took up a safe position among the branches.

The wolves uttered a deep howl, and took their departure, but I did not venture to descend from my perch until the last sound from them was faintly heard from the distant hills. On reaching the place where I had left my horse, I found that he had got frightened and had gone. I was about striking out in pursuit, when I espied the two Indians, who were endeavoring to secure two young moose, which they had got into a kind of enclosure at the base of a high rock. I turned in with them, and we succeeded in taking them alive and unhurt. We carried them to Mr. Valeut's shanty, where they will remain until we can get them down to Ottawa. The Indians had courage enough to go back and skin the wolves. I hope to take the skins to Ottawa. My horse I found at the jobber's shanty, about seven miles distant.

THE WOLVES OF DEVIL'S MOUNTAIN.—A CANADIAN LUMBER MERCHANT'S ADVENTURE AND HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.—THE HUNGRY WOLVES GNAW DOWN THE TREE IN WHICH HE HAS TAKEN REFUGE.

AN Iowa horse has a nondescript gait. He simultaneously runs with his fore-legs and trots with his hind legs, in a way that astonishes the turfmen.

COTTON MANUFACTURE.

HARGREAVES'S AND ARKWRIGHT'S INVENTIONS.

SCARCELY a century has elapsed since a native of Lancashire, of very humble origin, began to devote his attention to the application of machinery to the preparation and spinning of raw cotton for weft. In the year 1760, or soon after, a *carding engine* was contrived by James Hargreaves, an untaught weaver, living in Lancashire; and in 1767 the *spinning jenny* was invented by the same person. This machine, as at first formed, contained eight spindles, which were made to revolve by means of bands from a horizontal wheel. Subsequent improvements increased the power of the spinning jenny to eighty spindles; when the saving of labor which it thus occasioned produced considerable alarm among those persons who had employed the old mode of spinning, and a party of them broke into Hargreaves's house and destroyed his machine. The great advantage of the invention was so apparent, however, that it was soon again brought into use, and entirely superseded the employment of the old spinning-wheel, when a second rising took place of the persons whose labor was thus superseded by it. They went through the country destroying wherever they could find them, both carding and spinning machines, by which means the manufacture was for a time driven away from Lancashire to Nottingham.

Hargreaves stated that he derived the idea of the jenny from the following incident: Seeing a hand-wheel with a single spindle overturned, he remarked that the spindle, which was before horizontal, was then vertical; and as it continued to revolve, he drew the roving of wool toward him into a thread. It then seemed to Hargreaves plausible that, if something could be applied to hold the rovings as the finger and thumb did, and that contrivance to travel backward on wheels, six or eight, or even twelve threads, from as many spindles, might be spun at once. This was done, and succeeded; but Hargreaves, driven by mobs to Nottingham, unable to bear up against such ill-treatment, died in obscurity and distress, having given the property of his jenny to the Sheetts, who thereupon laid the foundation of their industrial success and opulence.

The cotton-yarn produced by the common spinning-wheel and spinning-jenny could, however, not be made sufficiently strong to be used as warp, for which purpose linen-yarn was employed; and it was not until another machine, invented by an individual of as humble origin as Hargreaves, was brought into successful operation, that the above disadvantage was overcome. This machine, which took up what Hargreaves had begun, was the *spinning frame*, invented by Richard Arkwright, who was born at Preston in 1732; and being the youngest of a poor family of thirteen children, he received but little education, if he ever was at school at all. He was bred to the business of a barber, which he carried on in the town of Bolton.

Up to this time the English cotton-cloths (called calico, from Calicut, in India, the place of their production) had only the weft of cotton, the warp, or longitudinal threads, being of linen; it being impossible, by any means then known, to spin the cotton with a sufficiently hard twist to be used as a warp. The raw materials were then delivered by the master-manufacturers to cottagers living in the villages of the district, who both carded and spun the cotton, and wove the cloth. The demand for these cottons soon became so great, that although there were 50,000 spindles constantly at work in Lancashire alone, each occupying an individual spinner, they could not supply the quantity of thread required. To remedy this state of things, several ingenious individuals set thought of spinning by machinery instead of by the one-thread wheel. A Mr. Wyatt, of Lichfield, is stated to have invented a spinning apparatus as early as 1733, and had factories built with his machines both at Birmingham and Northampton; but these undertakings failed; the machines perished, and no model or description of them was preserved. Wyatt's claim to the invention has, however, been disproved. A Mr. Laurence Earnshaw, of Mottram, in Cheshire, in 1753, invented a machine to spin and reel cotton at one operation, which he showed to his neighbors, and then destroyed it, through the generous apprehension that he might deprive the poor of bread.

The most important of Arkwright's contrivances was a device for drawing out the cotton from a coarse to a finer and hard-twisted thread, and so rendering it fit to be used for warp as well as weft. This was most ingeniously managed, by the application of a principle which had not yet been introduced in any other mechanical operation. The cotton was, in the first place, drawn off from the skewers on which it was placed by one pair of rollers, which were made to move at a comparatively slow rate, and which formed it into threads of a first or coarser quality; but at a little distance behind the first was placed a second pair of rollers, revolving three, four, or five times as fast, which took it up when it had passed through the others; the effect of which would be to reduce the thread to a degree of fineness so many times greater than that which it originally had. The first pair of rollers might be regarded as the feeders of the second, which could receive no more than the others sent to them; and that, again, could be no more than these others themselves took up from the skewers. As the second pair of rollers, therefore, revolved, we will say, five times for every revolution of the first pair—or, which is the same thing, required for their consumption in a given time five times the length of thread that the first did—they could obviously obtain so much length by drawing out the common portion of cotton into thread of five times the original fineness. Nothing could be more beautiful or more effective than this contrivance, which, with an additional provision for giving the proper twist to the thread, constitutes the water frame, or throstle, so called from its being originally moved by water-power.

Spinning by rollers was an entirely original idea. Arkwright stated that he accidentally derived the first hint of his invention from seeing a red-hot iron bar elongated by being made to pass between rollers; and though there is no mechanical analogy between that operation and the process of spinning, it is not difficult to imagine, that by reflecting upon it, and placing the subject in different points of view, he might be led to this invention, which he particularly claimed as his own. Of other machines included in his patent he was rather the improver than the inventor; and the original spinning-machine for coarse thread, the spinning jenny, Arkwright admitted to have been first conceived by Hargreaves.

(To be continued.)

IN the Bank of France they have got a brick for which they paid 1,000 francs in specie. It was taken from the ruins of a burned house, and the image and figures of a note for 1,000 francs are burned on the surface, transferred by the heat from a real note. This brick the bank redeemed on presentation, as if it were the note itself.

THE violin, according to Anthony Wood, was not known in England till the time of Charles I.